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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6³/₄d.



MISS REDDICK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Frankly, my desire at the present moment is to fly from pen and ink, and stretch myself under the tree, where a silver-grey cow, who must have been a fairy princess in a prior state of existence, is chewing the cud with a daintiness that suggests the high breeding of her ancient lineage. There is in this summer afternoon just that enchantment which distils a luxurious idleness into your bones, and makes me quite confident that, under the tree, I could restore the cow to her original shape by the power of a liquid eye. A dog is chasing a butterfly on the lawn, and through the open window comes the pleasant snip-snip of the shears that are lopping the garden hedge. My eye is startled from the page by a slight thud; a horse-chestnut has fallen from a branch, and the dog, disgusted with the masterly strategy of the butterfly, seizes the prostrate nut with triumphant jaws, and races madly over the grass. I believe the pen would drop from my hand were it not for a certain atmosphere of duty in this book-lined room. I am sitting at the table where a dignitary of the Established Church, when he is at home, writes his sermons. Ranging along the book-shelves, my gaze lights upon the "Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles," and the orations of St. Athanasius against the Arians. I have a misgiving that, if St. Athanasius could see me now, he would say that the Arians were comparatively worthy people, for at my elbow are three volumes of Maupassant, Bourget's "Physiologie de l'Amour Moderne," and "Notable Answers to One Thousand Questions." Even this last, I fear, would not save my credit in the rector's eyes, for I can find in it nothing more strictly ecclesiastical than some particulars about a "church living with the smallest population."

These staid shelves frown rebuke upon my present task, which I fear is very different from the literary composition they are accustomed to witness. I have done my best to tune my mind to the environment. I have read several pages of "Les Moralistes sous L'Empire Romain," and contrasted Marcus Aurelius and the Stoics with that epicurean rascal, Claude Larcher, in Bourget's work. I have applied myself vigorously to the rector's pen-wiper, which is surmounted by a woollen canary evidently in the middle of a psalm. It is no use: my eye wanders to the dog and the chestnut, and my ear is entranced by the plaintive call of the silver-grey cow, who is waiting for some strolling magician to deliver her from the spell. Probably the rector, when writing his sermons, is not distracted by these things. He can concentrate his mind on Athanasius and the Roman moralists; but the poor worldly *causeur* who is taking up the thread of his weekly trivialities in this sanctuary of high thinking is not capable even of dividing his discourse into the familiar firstly, secondly, and thirdly. I confess with shame that it is a long while since I listened to the wisdom of the pulpit. The habit of sitting under eloquent preachers left me when I began to notice that life is a much larger affair than any creed or code of ethics, and that few people, even among the professedly religious, attach any lasting importance to the perpetual iteration of the Sunday homily. The only sermons that ever impressed themselves strongly on my mind were delivered by my schoolmaster. His secular authority gave them a special character, for I seemed to perceive a piece of bamboo hanging gracefully from the pulpit rail. Even this charm was impaired when I found that preachers have their foibles like other mortals, and that personal jealousy is not foreign to breasts which swell under surplices with a divine message. The boys in class were once asked by the schoolmaster whether they had ever heard any fine preaching, and I named a certain expounder who had some reputation in that part of the world. "Do you call him a fine preacher?" was the retort; and in that moment of my experience I felt that cynicism had dawned.

These serious books, which are looking down just now with frigid displeasure on an incorrigible trifter, might subdue my spirit, were it not for a certain resentment I always have against other people's libraries. Envy, malice, and uncharitableness are never stirred so actively in my mind as when I am turning over books which belong to somebody else. I have an excellent friend, who possesses certain first editions, and, although the mania of the book-collector has never seized me, I cannot take them in my hand without a positive hatred of their innocent owner. When he stands beside me, proudly dilating on his latest acquisitions, I want to take him by the throat and see his eyes popple out of his head. The first English book-collector, as I learn from "Notable Answers," was a bishop who flourished in the seventh century. He had a famous pupil, the Venerable Bede; and why, especially in a lawless age, they were not both murderers I cannot understand. Even with a wholesome dread of the public opinion which is represented by Bow Street, I have great difficulty in keeping my

fingers from the neck of my friend with the first editions. Sometimes I cannot help thinking that he suspects this sinister jealousy, for he produces excellent cigars with great promptitude, and a glass of some soothing liquid diffuses a glow of Christian brotherhood through my fevered blood. Here, in the rector's study, there is no danger of homicide; but I have a reckless desire to shock the canary by perching him on a volume of Maupassant, and to put Claude Larcher on the shelf cheek by jowl with St. Athanasius.

As a rule, in a country place, I am irresistibly drawn to the railway bookstall. It has for me something of the fascination which a cemetery has for lachrymose people. They love to wander among the tombs, reading the epitaphs of persons they have never heard of, and shaking their heads over "Jane, wife of the above," with the intimate sorrow of a near relative. The bookstall is even more touching to me, for I see there the graves of forgotten authors whom I used to love, and whose tombstones stare at me in rows of picture-boards. I am carried back to that day in my guileless boyhood when I walked into a shop full of prayer-books, and asked for the "Scalp Hunters" of Captain Mayne Reid. They are not all dead, those thrilling tales in yellow covers, on which the fainting heroine is depicted in the arms of the villain, just as the hero, "on a black charger," comes galloping to the rescue. They are not all dead, for the traveller is still invited to buy them to while away an hour; at all events, they offer themselves rather spectrally as his companions on the journey. Yet, to me, they are like monuments erected by pious zeal to departed worthies; and the inscription, "By the author of 'Lady Audley's Secret,'" has the obituary air of "Jane, wife of the above." I stand gazing at them amidst a flood of reminiscences, until a barbaric voice cries, "By'r leave!" and my shins are threatened with the contact of a truck heaped with luggage. As this is the season for making original suggestions in letters to the newspapers, I am going to write to the *Daily Telegraph* to solicit subscriptions for the purpose of hanging wreaths of *immortelles* on all the railway bookstalls in the kingdom.

But on the bookstall I visited yesterday I found a little book which has given me a good deal of fresh entertainment. It is "The Man Who Didn't," which Mrs. Lovett Cameron has "dedicated to married men." One Austin Grantham, married to a very plain woman with money, becomes enamoured of Miss Cynthia Hervey, whose views of life are burlesque echoes of those which Mr. Grant Allen has put into the mouth of Herminia Barton. Cynthia tells Austin that men have no moral courage, that they are slaves of "that Juggernaut of ignorance and superstition which is commonly called conscience," that he ought to emancipate himself from the bondage of a mercenary marriage, and help her to preach the great cause of sexual union by terminable contracts. As Cynthia is an extremely charming girl, Grantham is disposed to fall in with her ideas, though he is rather staggered when she scoffs at his "yours to all eternity," and says they will love "just until we are tired of each other—no more—no less." He screws his courage to the point of an elopement, and is slinking out of his wife's house to meet Cynthia at Charing Cross, when he is arrested by the odour of snipe-pie, his favourite dish, which Mrs. G. has ordered for dinner. That pie is composed "of truffles and of *foie gras*, of rare and spicy condiments, mixed cunningly and harmoniously together, and of fat snipes buried whole in the rich brown gravy. A man might sell his soul, and small blame to him, for such a dish as this!" What Grantham sells is the great cause of free union between man and woman; and Cynthia waits at Charing Cross in vain.

It is a very toothsome little satire, which devoted wives will thoroughly appreciate, for it recalls the old anecdote of the wise counsel of an experienced matron to a bride who wanted to know how to keep her husband's love, "Feed the brute!" Mrs. Cameron has given a new significance to that agreeable maxim. Geese saved the Roman Capitol, and *foie gras*, aided by snipes, may save our social system. Who knows in how many homes at this moment domestic salvation is ensured by a timely grouse, perfectly roasted? The social philosopher will see that the fabric of our civilisation is bound up with the rites of the Twelfth of August, and vegetarians who denounce the slaughter of birds as a demoralising pastime will be covered with confusion. It is true that some men—I count myself among the number—do not regulate their moral code by the odour of snipe-pie, or of any other refecton. They would pay no more heed to the best-cooked bird, in a moment of amatory delirium, than to a banquet of buns and milk. Fortunately, such men are rare, or our most sacred institutions might be in grave peril. When Cæsar said he wanted fat and sleek-headed citizens about him, he evidently meant that gourmands were the real pillars of the State. If a man hath no savoury meats which his soul loveth, he is dangerous; and that is why Mrs. Cameron ought to propose compulsory good dinners, at the public charge, for revolutionaries like myself.

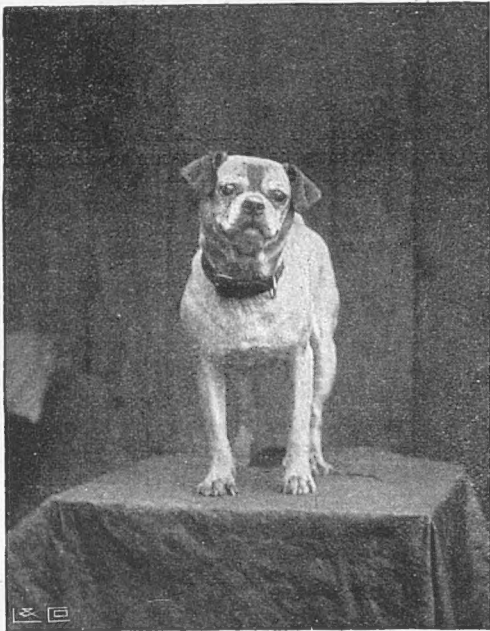
A LIVING PACK OF CARDS AT CARISBROOKE.

Photographs by W. Scorer, Havant.



A TRUANT.

Somebody in Dickens looks as pleased as a little pug-dog with his nose blacklead for an evening party. We have not performed this part of a pug's toilet for the ravishing animal whose portrait figures in our columns to-day. The beatific expression of his features is due entirely to elevation of soul, though there is a rumour on the premises that the office-boy thoughtfully put the dog's tail into curl-papers. It cannot be



that which makes him look so happy. It is a recognition of the kindred spirits he found in the *Sketch* office when he strolled in here the other afternoon. Whether he fancied he saw his mistress's portrait among the pictures in the window, or whether he was simply anxious that we should do ourselves the honour of publishing him, we cannot say; but it is certain that, in a few minutes, he made us his friends for life. Only a very severe exercise of virtue prompted us to take steps to restore him to his fair owner. Our natural impulse was to beg him to join the staff in an ornamental capacity. If the lady who was lost by him should be recovered by means of his picture, we are sure she will appreciate our self-denial.

My Lady's Pug! Alack, it strayed
Beyond My Lady's care!
Why should it thus have falsely played
The tender-hearted Fair,
Who nursed it morning, noon, and night,
And scarcely let it leave her sight?

'Twere hard to give the reason why
It left its lovely home;
Perhaps it was the wish to try
The pleasures of a roam.
It barked at every passing car,
And, yelping, wandered much too far.

For days it wandered high and low
By crescent, square, and street,
And all this toddling to and fro
Wore out its little feet.
It gazed in every lady's face
But never could its mistress trace.

"I'll look," it then made up its mind,
"Where lovely women reign";
And that was why it came to find
The *Sketch* (in Milford Lane),
Where scores of beauties from the stage
Bring dogs of every size and age.

And, though it did not find the hand
That tended it with care,
It got a welcome in the Strand,
And now it seems to bear
Its loss with little of regret,
O fickle-hearted lady's pet!

A LIVING PACK OF CARDS.

A grand bazaar and fancy fair on behalf of the Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight Volunteers was held at Carisbrooke Castle last week. The bazaar was one of the largest ever held in the island, there being stalls allotted to ladies from every district. Princess Beatrice, in whose mind the idea of the bazaar originated, added greatly to its lustre by herself

performing the opening ceremony, presiding at the stall which was in charge of the ladies of the regiment, and doing a brisk trade. There were, of course, many side-shows, which were really of unusual excellence, including a *café chantant*, an open-air theatrical performance, a military tournament, fortune-telling, &c., and the inevitable Carisbrooke donkey on the tread-mill. In the Grand Theatre a pretty pastoral play, "The Knave of Hearts," was performed by a company of amateurs. The Queen visited the bazaar and inspected the various stalls.

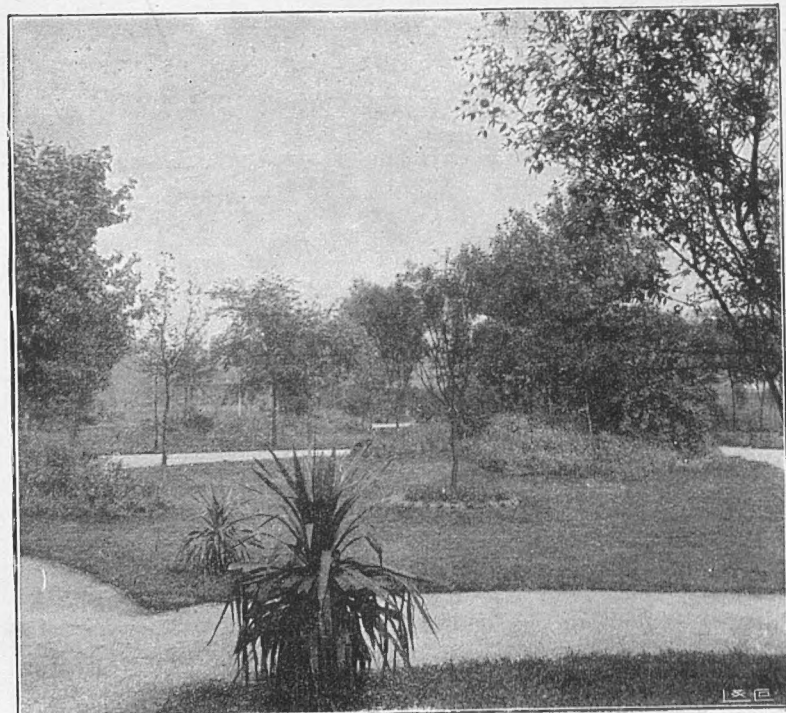
WHERE JOHN EVELYN LIVED.

The new Recreation Ground situated at Sayes Court, Deptford, which site was formerly a portion of the celebrated garden of his ancestor, John Evelyn, the Diarist, was opened last week by Mr. William John Evelyn. It was here that Peter the Great lived while working as a shipwright in the Royal Dockyard close by, and where he took such delight in wheeling



Photo by Thankfull Sturdee, Deptford, S.E.

his barrow through the memorable holly hedge which was at that time so greatly admired by the King and his courtiers, who paid frequent visits to Sayes Court. The portion of the ground that is reserved as a recreation ground is about seven acres in extent, with a band-stand and museum. Up till last November it was not much more than a piece of waste ground, but, owing to the generosity of the donor, and the ingenuity of Mr. Milner, the landscape-gardener, of Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, it has been made a place of beauty and a joy to the surrounding densely populated neighbourhood.





OUR ARTIST ON THE JOB AGAIN.

TYKE (*to our Artist, who is making a sketch*) : Well, p'raps you'll know me again when you see me?
OUR ARTIST : No, not if you wash your face.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, TWO GRAND BALLET, FAUST and ON BRIGHTON PIER. GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

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IMPERIAL ODE BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.
Music by **ANGELO VENANZI.**
Synopsis of Scenes.

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AKBAR THE GREAT AND THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS, 1599.
VOYAGE ON THE RIVER JUMNA AND THE CITY OF AGRA.
SIR THOMAS ROE BEFORE THE GREAT MOGUL, 1616.
SEVAJI, THE MAHARAJA CHIEF, 1670.
THE HINDOO PARADISE.

PORTSMOUTH. DEPARTURE OF BRITISH TROOPS FOR INDIA, 1858.
THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLY AT DELHI, 1877.
PROCLAMATION OF HER MAJESTY AS EMPRESS OF INDIA, and
GRAND APOTHEOSIS TO THE EMPRESS QUEEN, 1895.
"VICTORIA."

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London (Euston) ...	dep.	9 30	10 30	1 30*
Barmouth ...	arr.	4 30	5 40	...
Aberystwyth ...	arr.	4 10	5 30	9 40

* Saturdays only during August.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	9 30	10 55	1 30
Rhyl ...	arr.	...	3 55	6 53
Colwyn Bay	4 25	7 22
Llandudno	4 30	7 48
Penmaenmawr	4 43	7 47
Bangor	3 44	5 10	8 8
Pwllheli	6 0	7 15	...
Criccieth	5 54	7 15	...

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	10 30
Blackpool ...	arr.	4 15
Morecambe	3 54
Windermere	4 45
Keswick	5 50

London, August 1895. **FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.**

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Earl Houghton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in the "National Review," July 1895, says: "At this moment really good accommodation can be obtained at easy distances along this whole route, and when the Southern Hotels Company have completed their new hotels and their additions to existing houses, there will be little to which the most critical traveller could take exception."

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Victoria ...	dep.	6 45	10 30	11 35	11 40	1 45	3 55	4 55	5 55	7 17
London Bridge	1 50	4 0	4 55	5 0	7 25
Portsmouth ...	arr.	9 0	12 45	1 5	2 16	4 23	6 39	6 56	7 38	10 25
Ryde	9 55	1 50	1 50	3 0	5 10	7 30	7 40	8 35	...
Sandown	10 45	2 29	2 29	3 37	5 46	8 14	8 14	9 24	...
Shanklin	10 51	2 36	2 36	3 45	5 52	8 19	8 19	9 30	...
Ventnor	11 4	2 50	2 50	3 35	5 35	8 30	8 30	9 40	...
Cowes	11 23	3 17	3 17	...	3 35	5 35	9 7	9 7	...

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Paris ...	arr.	6 55	Victoria	7 50

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JAPANESE TABLEAUX AT DOVER.

Photographs by Martin Jacolette, Dover.



"THE SHOP GIRL," FOR THE PROVINCES.

Photographs by G. and R. Lav's, Eastbourne.

The shop-girl has become an interesting personality. Her career is cleverly sketched in this month's *Idler* by Miss Belloc to instruct us, while the more fantastic side of the young lady's life, as everybody knows, has been treated by Mr. H. J. W. Dam for the Gaiety Theatre, where "The Shop Girl" continues to amuse the town. The farce has undergone some changes for the better since its first production, although the unfortunate illness of the inimitable Edmund Payne has withdrawn a Mr. Miggles who is not easily replaced. The shop-girl, of course, unlike some of the characters round which Gaiety burlesques are written—such a type, for instance, as Captain Coddington, who is essentially Londony—is of universal interest, and thus Mr. H. H. Morell and Mr. Frederick Mouillot have taken the farce on tour through the provinces. They have got together a very clever company. Mr. Tom Fancourt, who plays Miggles, is a very clever comedian, and he is supported loyally by a host of smart people. Altogether, the company should have a very successful tour. By the way, it is interesting to compare the names of the original and of the provincial casts—



MISS VIOLET FRIEND, MISS MARIE WINTER, MR. TOM FANCOURT, AND MR. HARRY PHYDORA.

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Charles Appleby	Mr. Seymour Hicks ...	Mr. Charles S. Kitts.
Bertie Boyd	Mr. G. Grossmith, Jun.	Mr. Eustace Ponsonby.
John Brown	Mr. Colin Coop ...	Mr. Wellsley Smith.
Sir George Appleby ...	Mr. Cairns James ...	Mr. W. Bentley.
Colonel Singleton ...	Mr. Frank Wheeler ...	Mr. A. McCulloch.
Count St. Vaurien ...	Mr. Robert Nainby ...	Mr. C. Cleveland.
Mr. Tweets	Mr. Willie Warde ...	Mr. Harry Phydora
Mr. Miggles	Mr. Edmund Payne ...	Mr. Tom Fancourt.
Lady Dodo Singleton ...	Miss Helen Grace ...	Miss C. Courtenay.
Miss Robinson	Miss Katie Seymour ...	Miss Eva Levens.
Lady Appleby	Miss Maria Davis ...	Miss E. Standing.
Ada Smith	Miss Lillie Belmore ...	Miss Ethel Hawthorn.

Character.	Gaiety Cast.	Provincial Cast.
Faith	Miss Lillie Dickinson ...	Miss Bebe Hagar.
Hope	Miss Agatha Roze ...	Miss M. Reefern.
Charity	Miss Lily Johnson ...	Miss Violet Reefern.
Maud Plantagenet ...	Miss Maud Hill ...	Miss Violet Friend.
Eva Tudor	Miss Fannie Warde ...	Miss Mollie Bonheur.
Lillie Stuart	Miss Maud Sutherland ...	Miss Florence Strange.
Ada Wandesforde ...	Miss Helen Lee ...	Miss Rosa Carlisle.
Mabel Beresford ...	Miss Violet Monckton ...	Miss G. Harrison.
Agnes Howard	Miss Louie Coote ...	Miss E. Bartlett.
Maggie Jocelyn	Miss Maggie Ripley ...	Miss F. Strange.
Violet Tierney	Miss Topsy Sinden ...	Miss M. Burdell;
AND		
Bessie Brent	Miss Ada Reeve ...	Miss Lydie Edmonds.



ADA SMITH (MISS ETHEL HAWTHORN), MR. HQOLEY (MR. JOHN HUMPHRIES), AND MIGGLES (MR. TOM FANCOURT).



BESSIE BRENT (MISS LYDIE EDMONDS), AND CHARLES APPLEBY (MR. CHARLES KITTIS).

"THE SHOP GIRL," FOR THE PROVINCES.

Photographs by G. and R. Lavis, Eastbourne.



MIGGLES AND HOOLEY.



ADA SMITH AND MIGGLES.



THE COMPANY.

SMALL TALK.

The Council at Osborne last week was the final Court ceremony of the Season, and there will be no more functions until the Queen returns to Windsor, in November. The Ministers travelled from Victoria to Portsmouth Harbour and back by special train, and were conveyed across the Solent, to and from East Cowes, in the royal yacht *Alberta*. The Council was held, after luncheon, in the Council Chamber, and, as it took considerably longer than anticipated, the Ministers did not leave for Portsmouth until half an hour after the appointed time. To have to travel from London to Osborne and back in full-dress is not a very pleasant experience, but in bad weather, to elderly gentlemen of delicate health, it almost amounts to cruelty.

Every fine morning the Queen has gone out for a long airing in her donkey-chaise, accompanied by the children of the Princess Beatrice, who ride in a little basket-carriage drawn by a cream-coloured pony. As a rule, her Majesty confines her morning excursions to the Osborne demesne, which affords a charming private drive of six miles, but, on two or three occasions, the party have proceeded as far as the village of Whippingham.

Of rabbits hot and rabbits cold,
Of rabbits young and rabbits old,
Of rabbits tender, rabbits tough,
I thank the Lord I've had enough,

once quoted a genial Member at Westminster (Bernal Osborne, for choice), and the lines might well be paraphrased or parodied in connection with the Kaiser's visit to one of the "stately homes of England" in the "north countree"—

Of Lowther inside, Lowther out,
Of woods that gird Lowther about,
Of Lowther's moor and Lowther's fell,
Thank God, there's nothing left to tell;

For the papers, morning, evening, and weekly, have been stuffed full of Lowther, and the noble owner has had an opportunity of reading descriptions and looking at views of his property such as was probably never his before. In one of the numerous cuts I was particularly interested, for there I beheld the Kaiser, lowered, like Joseph of old, into a pit, but, unlike the Bible hero, blazing away desperately at the fowls of the air, his gun held in one hand. With this strong right arm, however, the imperial guest appears to have slain some sixty brace of grouse, and an acquaintance of mine, who shoots sometimes with the "great ones of the earth," informed me that his Majesty has a particularly light weapon, with which, however, he seems to be able to do much greater execution than many a meaner mortal who has both hands to use.

According to present arrangements, the Queen is to leave Osborne on Friday, about five o'clock. Her Majesty will arrive at Balmoral on Saturday afternoon, travelling by the usual route, and stopping at Perth for an hour for breakfast. The Queen will remain at Balmoral until the end of November, when the Court removes to Windsor for a month, returning to Osborne for the Christmas holidays. A variety of improvements have been carried out at Balmoral lately, and some of the rooms have been redecorated and partly refurnished.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife will reside at Mar Lodge, Aberdeenshire, until the end of October, and will entertain numerous guests, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Londonderry, Lord James, and Mr. Henry Stonor.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane has left St. James's Palace for Brympton House, Somersetshire, where he will reside for several months. There will be no more Court functions until the Queen returns to Windsor from Balmoral, towards the end of November, so the Lord Chamberlain's indefatigable assistant will have a long holiday. The new rule, which the Queen sanctioned this season, making it the duty of the Pages to pick up the trains of the ladies as they leave the Throne-Room, has saved Sir Spencer a considerable amount of exertion at the various Drawing-Rooms this Season.

The departure of the German Emperor from our hospitable shores must have been a considerable relief to his royal relatives. His visits invariably cause an immense amount of trouble to everybody concerned, as he insists upon the most punctilious etiquette being observed, and the slightest breach, either by relations or officials, is instantly noticed. It is true that the Emperor and the Prince of Wales are now quite on friendly terms, but still the family party at Osborne can hardly have been a happy one.

Month in, month out, whether town be full or empty, there exercises her vocation in St. James's Square a crossing-sweeper of the "female persuasion," who, though she does the work usually done by the inferior man, is by no means a "new woman," for she has been there for many a long year. The lady in question—middle-aged, neat, and comely, dressed in the cleanest of white aprons—is usually to be seen, not with broom in hand, sweeping a path from the London and Westminster Bank to that corner of the Square Garden that is almost opposite the doors of the new Sports Club, but sitting quietly at needlework at the said corner of the said garden; and what attracts the passer-by is the

fact that she is almost invariably surrounded by certain forlorn members of the feline tribe. These animals are provided by their kind hostess not only with scraps of food, but even with something to lie on beneath the foliage behind the garden railings; and I have remarked that, during their stay at this *al fresco* hotel, they assume a much more prosperous appearance—then they seem to depart, and new-comers take their place. Among them is generally some lady cat who has loved "not wisely but too well," and who, I have always supposed, has been recommended by friends to trust herself to the tender mercies of the crossing-sweeper, which are, I am sure, by no means cruel. I dare say there are other female crossing-sweepers in our great city, but I confess I do not know them, and I have often wondered that this particular one has not appeared, with her happy family in the public prints—but St. James's Square is a comparative solitude, even when London is at its fullest and gayest.

What will a man not do for the sake of a holiday? Nearly all those acquaintances of mine whom hard fate compels to work for a living would cheerfully imperil the safety of their souls for a few days off, and at last I have found a man who did not hesitate to risk his body in the wicked endeavour. He is an actor, and, as such, a man of many parts. Recently, I heard him complaining of humanity's determined foe, the weather. "It affects me rather strangely," he said. "When I was a young man, I was in the stock company of Miss Blank, who owned the old Melodrama Theatre. She was a charming woman, but such a disciplinarian that holidays were rare. One night, I was complaining to a medical friend, and he offered to make me ill enough to claim one. So I allowed him to scratch my arm, and put something on it that raised a huge, discoloured wound. He then prescribed a rest, saying mine was a slight attack of blood-poisoning. Miss Blank was much concerned, and my friend and I went away together. He made out a prescription to set me right, and, soon after, went away to Africa, where he is now a respected and prosperous practitioner. I returned to the Melodrama Theatre, feeling as well as possible; but ever since that time the old place has been bad for a few days every summer, whenever the weather changes." If all men's sins found them out so truly, what a strange-looking crowd we should be!

A very enjoyable *al fresco* concert was given in the Dover College Close, the other day, by the Dover Choral Union. The picturesque grounds, which are situated on the site of the old St. Martin's Priory, were illuminated by hundreds of coloured lamps. A large stage was erected, with the ruins of the Priory forming the background, which, with the trees overhanging, had a charming appearance. The band of the King's Royal Rifles played an excellent selection of music, and the members of the Choral Union supplied the vocal music. Several interesting *tableaux vivants*, illustrating the choruses and other music performed, formed part of the programme, and scenes from "Pinafore," "The Mikado," "Patience," and "Iolanthe" were artistically rendered and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. An important feature in the programme was an original Japanese dance, performed most gracefully by sixteen ladies and gentlemen in costume. The music, composed by Mr. H. J. Taylor, was written on the Japanese scale.

Why should the machinery of the law be set in motion in respect of a dead man? A friend of mine, who for his sins has been serving on a Grand Jury, informed me that, in the case of an individual who was committed for an assault, but who had in the interim committed suicide, the whole paraphernalia was gone through, witnesses examined, and all the rest of it. On hearing that the accused had taken the matter "to a higher court"—in fact, to the highest—some of the Grand Jury waited on the Judge, or, to be quite accurate, the Chairman of Sessions, and asked if the case ought to be considered. They were told their duty was to examine the facts, and give their decision. So they did, and found a true bill against a corpse! The Chairman is reported to have said, later, that the proceedings in this case were preposterous, and, indeed, it seems a strange waste of public and private time to summon witnesses to give evidence against a person who has already gone to his account, and that an irrevocable one.

I am very sorry to see, by the report of the Crystal Palace Company's Chairman, that the world-famous Saturday Concerts have not been paying. They will be continued for the present, we are told, and in that statement lies cause for pleasure and regret. That they will go on during this year is good news, but is leavened by the implication that they may be discontinued. It would be difficult to imagine a greater loss to music than would be entailed by the cessation of the famous concerts over which the veteran August Manns so ably presides. They have done great work in developing a taste for good music in the suburbs. To their influence may be traced the foundation of many musical societies. They have made the symphonies of great masters as familiar to attentive amateurs as the "Batti Batti" from "Don Giovanni" is to opera-goers of a past decade. Moreover, many great performers, whose talent would be inaccessible under ordinary circumstances to people living out of London, play regularly at the Palace Concerts; and last, but not least, most of our rising young composers have received their first public recognition when the talent of Mr. Mann's orchestra has shown their work in its best light. Altogether, it is to be hoped that the public support during the ensuing autumn season will put an end to all uncertainty as to the future of the Saturday Concerts, and that they will become as popular as they deserve to be.

A very interesting amateur theatrical performance has just been given at Norwich, for charity's sake, by the dramatic corps of the King's Dragoon Guards. The bill included two items. One of them, entitled "Easy Shaving," was all about a lady-barber, played charmingly by Mrs. Fergusson, and was followed by a burlesque on "Faust," Mrs. Fergusson making a delightful Marguerite. The scenery, by Mr. Fred Morgan, was excellent, while the uniforms of the soldiers were the same as those that the King's Dragoon Guards used to wear a century ago.

The comedy with which the Paulton Syndicate propose to commence operations at the Strand Theatre has, since its original production at the Grand, Birmingham, Dec. 3, 1894, had its former sub-title turned into its title pure and simple. Then it was known as "A World of Trouble (In a Locket)"; now it is called only "In a Locket." It will generally be conceded that this is an improvement, for the play really has for its pivot a gold locket, which, by means of a revolving piece of mechanism, shows, first, the photograph of one person, and then, on being shut and reopened, the counterfeit presentment of somebody else. This awkward locket does, indeed, cause a world of trouble in the course of its passing through various hands, and matters are complicated by an unfounded charge of bigamy made against an unhappy gentleman named Middleton

in spite of the season of the year, received their first production in August. The list includes Rossini's "William Tell," Gounod's "Sapho," Alfred de Musset's "Fantasio," and Balzac's "Mercadet." The last-named piece, of course, was adapted for the English stage as "The Game of Speculation," by George Henry Lewes, writing under the name of "Slingsby Lawrence," and in it the late Charles Mathews made one of his notable successes in the part of Mr. Affable Hawk.

The Norwegian drama with a purpose, the problem-play of Germany, will soon find a parallel across the Atlantic. Considerable stir has been caused in "the Hub" by the contemplated production at the end of August, at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, of a play entitled "Mighty Millions," which purports to be an attack, in dramatic form, upon the teachings of "Colonel" Robert Ingersoll. "Mighty Millions" comes from the pen of a literary lady who, like the heroine of "Nancy and Company," wishes to preserve the veil of anonymity, at any rate until the piece is produced. Some years ago, she heard Ingersoll lecture, and she came away, so it is said, with the fixed determination to write a play that would confute the theories of that American Freethinker. "Mighty Millions" is to be not merely a stage sermon, but an interesting, absorbing play, the *dramatis personæ* including as many as five strong



THE KING'S DRAGOON GUARDS IN "FAUST."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARBENSKY, NORWICH.

Simpkin, a character sustained at Birmingham by Mr. Harry Paulton, one of the joint authors. His collaborator in this play, as in the celebrated "Niobe, All Smiles," and in the libretti of "Erminie" and the more recently produced "Dorcas," was his son, Edward Paulton. From what I have heard, "In a Locket" is an average specimen of that class of play wherein the woes of imaginary persons serve for the amusement of theatre-goers, and I daresay it will meet with some success at the Strand Theatre.

A curious thing is to be noted concerning one of the very latest recruits to the ranks of music-hall artists. The young lady was billed on her debut, the other day, as Marie Wilton, and this is her real name. What pleasant reminiscences it calls up of the Marie Wilton of other days. Perhaps Mrs. Bancroft will be interested to learn that her name is being thus continued. In this connection, am I alone in my wonderment as to the pronunciation of the word "Marie" when used as the front name of public performers? Most of the prominent Mariés, such as Marie Lloyd, Marie Tempest, Marie Hatton, Marie Collins, and so on, are spoken of as though the word were spelt "Maaari," neither the true French pronunciation with two short vowel-sounds nor the euphonious "Marée" of poetic license being employed. Why this dreadful broad "a"? To me "Maaari" is simply a barbarism of speech.

With reference to the customary autumn closure of most theatres in Paris, it has been aptly pointed out that various celebrated works have,

male characters. One of these was originally assigned to Mr. E. J. Henley, but it remains to be seen whether his recently reported illness will allow him to sustain the rôle. At any rate, the production is being looked forward to with keen interest in cultured Boston, and already the authoress is being compared with Sudermann and Ibsen, by no means to her disadvantage.

Presence of mind, always useful to mankind in general, is quite indispensable in the theatrical profession. How often something goes wrong, and a prompt act sets matters right before the onlooker can guess that anything has happened! I was discussing these things a few nights ago with M. Jacobi, and he told me some of the things that had happened during his consulship. I remember one Bertholdi was the *première danseuse* in a ballet whose name I have forgotten, and in the final tableau she had a very difficult *pas seul* to execute, just before the entire *corps-de-ballet* took possession of the stage. One night, as the ballet was in progress, Bertholdi whirled to the front of the stage, and slipped and fell heavily. The *maestro* saw that she had lost her nerve; he knew that his next beat would bring the long lines of coryphées right on to the spot, so, without the slightest expression of uneasiness, he called out aloud, "Get up." These words recalled the great dancer; so quickly were they spoken and acted upon that the audience did not notice anything. Yet, had nothing been said, there would have been a confusion, and musicians can imagine the effort required for a conductor to give an instruction to the stage and keep his orchestra in hand at the same time.

Volunteering is practically over for the season, the Shoeburyness Artillery Meeting marking the end of the more important events. In connection with these it may be noted that the coast-defence gun of the



THE 1ST SUSSEX ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS' COAST-DEFENCE GUN.

Photo by H. R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers was at the camp. It is the only carriage of the kind in the kingdom, and therefore excited much interest.

The interesting article on the Dulwich Gallery Collection, which appeared in *The Sketch* a few weeks ago, reminded me that it was many years since I had visited the quiet suburban village which holds in its old-world gallery a collection of pictures which, if sold at Christie's, would crowd those historic rooms with dealers and connoisseurs from every part of the civilised world, and which would realise an amount that it would be impossible even for an expert to calculate beforehand. One great charm of Dulwich is its nearness to London; you may lunch at the West End at one o'clock and be in the Gallery before three, taking a train from Victoria—at least, that was my experience, when, with a friend who had never been there, I ran down the other afternoon. Another charm is the delightful quiet of the spot. I don't think there were a dozen people in the galleries besides ourselves, and two of these were ladies, who were making copies respectively of Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" and of Murillo's "Flower-Girl." Yet, despite this comparative solitude, the hall-porter or beadle, in his sober uniform of brown, told me that, during the year, they generally had an average of some twenty-eight thousand visitors.

The old-world quiet of the galleries, with all the glorious master-pieces which its custodians so carefully cherish; the quiet of the little chapel, where, beneath a heavy slab of black marble, Edward Alleyn, the founder of the College, sleeps; the repose of the quadrangle, with its almshouses—none of these are marred by incongruous surroundings, for Dulwich village is still the Dulwich of my memory of twenty years ago. This is owing, I believe, to the fact that most of the land is the property of the College, and from them that devouring fiend the jerry-builder finds but scant encouragement. In only one respect was I disappointed. I have often recalled with pleasure the hospitalities of a fine old posting-house, the Greyhound, where, in the days that are gone, a kindly courtesy was combined with a solid attention to creature comforts. Alas! no longer would I urge the traveller to refresh

himself at this hostelry, which, externally, is but little changed. "*Sic transit gloria*" (with the accent on the *sic*), I murmured as I left its well-remembered portals. Still, I can thoroughly commend Dulwich to those who desire to spend an enjoyable afternoon among gems of art, and old-fashioned, unspoiled surroundings.

As I sit writing in the verandah of a house a long way from London, a horrid music-hall tune breaks upon my musings, and I wonder vengefully how long we must continue to suffer the barrel-organ? In town and suburbia it is bad enough, but what right has it to spoil the evening in a delightful, far-off Berkshire village? And those tunes! There is the happily defunct "Maggie Murphy's Home" that Minnie Mario used to sing, there is "Dysey," and—yes, surely enough, the instrument of torture is profaning "*Il Trovatore*." What have we done to suffer this thing? Other nations say we are neither musical nor artistic; but, after all, we are human, and this din is not. The County Council has interfered in many things, and, in numerous cases, with good results; why will it not license organ-grinders, and select the music for the gutter? A small committee of musicians could give the people proper tunes, and inspectors with an ear for music might be appointed to seize any organ that is out of tune or any grinder who does not appreciate time. This is no Utopian scheme involving the regeneration of men, it is a simple, feasible plan whereby we shall all benefit. I am a reputable citizen, I owe rates and taxes; I feel I have a right to demand freedom from unmusical oppression.

An opera-goer has called my attention to a marked decline in a silly habit that was formerly much in vogue. He says that during the past season few people have taken their scores with them. It has always been a wonder to me that persons who are musical, or desire to be thought so, should bring the score to the opera-house, and follow every note with absurd diligence. Who can hope to appreciate opera under these circumstances? A score can be consulted at home, if necessary, but, once in the theatre, the eye and ear have quite enough to do. The resources of the modern orchestra are so startling that they are alone enough to occupy the mind. Add to them the singing, the acting, and the mounting, and it will be apparent that a man needs all his faculties, and is not justified in handicapping them. I hold that a true musician would rather leave his score in the cloak-room than take it to his seat. People who will intrude them, and assume a look of satisfaction over their perusal, are but one degree better than the semi-civilised beings who can turn to discuss a dress during an opera's most rapturous moment. For all such disturbers of good music, capital punishment is the only fitting retribution, for, being devoid of soul, their bodies cannot be of much importance.

The production of "*La Navarraise*," with Madame Calvé in her original part, at the Paris Opéra Comique, has been definitely fixed for the beginning of October, and great interest is being felt as to the combined effects of the music of M. Massenet, the book of MM. Jules Claretie and Henri Cain, and the singing and acting of the great French artist. Madame Calvé's three chief associates in the cast of "*La Navarraise*," prior to her departure for America, will be MM. Jérôme, Hermann Devriès, and Belhomme. M. Carvalho intends to present the work as picturesquely as was the case at Covent Garden, and, no doubt, the London success will be repeated at the Opéra Comique.



1ST SUSSEX ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS' COAST-DEFENCE GUN.

Photo by H. R. Gibbs, Kingsland Road, N.

One seldom looks at the advertisement columns of great daily papers without finding offers for all sorts of cast-off clothing, and there can be no doubt but that the trade in such things is very fine and large. The ultimate destination of discarded garments has been ever a source of wonderment to me, and it has been left for a friendly globe-trotter, who has just returned to England, to set my doubts at rest. He was talking of certain markets held on the South and West African Coasts, and said that old clothes exported from England were in great demand. The hand of the renovator has removed the imperfections resulting from hard use in another country, and, of course, the price is very low. Silk hats, in which a brisk trade is done, are usually skinned, and the silk, when cleaned, is put on to another hat-frame. Hence it may be demonstrated that the average man, whose servant's privilege it is to dispose of the waifs and strays of the wardrobe, may at this moment be wearing clothes ordained by fate to adorn a man to whom Europe is a thing unknown. Possibly some African warrior or Indian chief shall some day fill the pocket of my coat now sacred to a cigar-case with the teeth or scalp of his pet enemy. P'r'aps; p'r'aps not.

The Ayr Burns statue, which was completed yesterday by the placing of a panel illustrating the Parting of Burns and Highland Mary, was erected in 1891. Three panels have been added to the base of the monument within the last four years, illustrating, respectively, "The

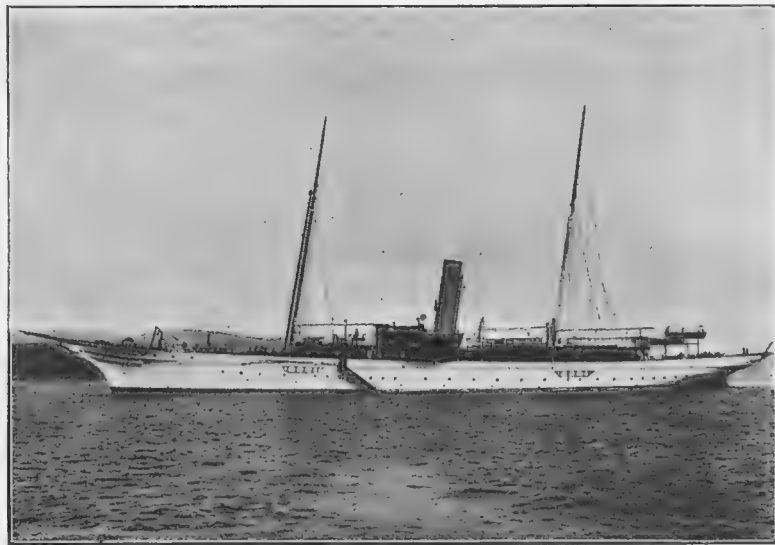


BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.

Ride of 'Tam O'Shanter," "The Jolly Beggars," and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." This last panel is the gift of leading citizens of fourteen States of the American Republic, and the sculptor, Mr. George E. Bissell, of New York, a faithful student of Burns, has admirably caught the spirit of the parting scene. The figure on the right of the panel shows Fate in the act of cutting the thread of human life, and Fame, on the left, taking up the story as presented by the poet. The dramatic moment is seized by the artist, as Mary rises, looking away into the future, the two Bibles in her hand, the presentation of which had sealed the betrothal. Her right hand rests upon her lover's shoulder, and as she rises to depart she lingers, with face turned away, her eyes trying to peer a little into the future for courage to say the parting word. The sculptor has made the work severely simple and Greek in character. The money was raised for the panel by Mr. Wallace Bruce, of New York, recently United States Consul at Edinburgh, at the suggestion of the Burns Club of Ayr. After the presentation ceremony, Mr. Wallace Bruce was to be given a public dinner.

The Duke of Sutherland's new steam-yacht *Catania*, which was recently launched by Messrs. Henderson at Partick, is one of a bevy of steam "pleasure palaces" Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, has this season designed. She is coated white, and has a handsome appearance. She is, indeed, perhaps the finest-looking steamer the Glasgow designer has yet thrown off his boards. Her arrangements internally are perfect in every way, the saloon being comfortably

and exquisitely fitted and upholstered. The ladies' cabin displays an amount of detail and curio, with a profusion of draping, seldom seen in such a home on the water, while the state-rooms and berths are simply perfection. Her dimensions are: Length between perpendiculars 195 ft. 5 in.; breadth, 26 ft. 6 in.; depth, 15 ft. 3 in. Her engines are



THE CATANIA.

Photo by W. Robertson, Gourcock.

compound, with four cylinders, 18 in., 18½ in., 32 in., and 32 in., with a piston-stroke of 27 in. The *Catania* is 639 tons yacht measurement and on her official trials steamed close on 15 knots.

The very latest thing in pencils is a self-sharpener made by the Blaisdell Company, Philadelphia. Instead of the ordinary wood, the outside is formed of coils of paper, which can be peeled off as wanted. The pencil is handy and cleanly.

Among the most enjoyable evenings of the past season are certainly to be reckoned the several swimming entertainments given at the Bath Club in Dover Street. After attending the first, I most gladly availed myself of all subsequent invitations. One could hardly spend a sultry summer evening in surroundings more desirable than the spacious Bath Hall, with its softly shaded lights above and its fine stretch of clear, cool water below. The entertainments displayed a fine variety of accomplishment on the part of the performers, both professional and of the club staff. Especially diverting were an Aquatic Derby on Water Horses, given by the staff, and a display of the Mississippi sport of "Log Rolling," by Professor Barton, champion from the Antwerp International Exhibition. An interesting programme of music was on each occasion admirably discoursed by a small orchestra. The attractions of the Bath Club are certainly unique in clubland, for, besides the magnificent swimming-bath, it boasts elaborate accommodation for the various processes known as Turkish, and a fine Fencing Gallery and Gymnasium. Moreover, as a mere bachelor and a member of an old-fashioned club, I cannot but envy the possessors of so pleasant a place for the entertaining of friends of the fair sex as is the suite of club-rooms here appropriated to lady members and guests.



THE BATH CLUB, DOVER STREET.

From Dr. Andrew Wilson's "Science Jottings," in the *Illustrated London News*, I learn that the following motto marks the tombstone of Professor Huxley—

And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still "giveth his beloved sleep,"
And if an endless sleep he wills—so best.

This is less distinctly agnostic than the epitaph upon Professor W. K. Clifford, in Highgate Cemetery—

I was not and was conceived.
I loved and did a little work.
I am not, and grieve not.

Another pagan of our day, Edward Fitzgerald, has inscribed upon his tomb the apparently orthodox lines—

It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves;

but readers of the paraphrase of Omar Khayyám know that Fitzgerald was but throwing the responsibility upon the Almighty in the sense of the Omarian lines—

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

Very satisfactory progress, I hear, is being made with the plans for the extension of the University College Hospital, and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse's long experience in the mapping-out of public buildings is likely, in the present instance, to result in the construction of a hospital that, hygienically considered, will be virtually perfect.

What is a Briton? The old controversy which has raged in the pages of the *Daily Chronicle* has closed with a letter of the Rev. Mr. Auchterlonie, minister of Craigdam, Aberdeenshire, who objects to the late Joseph Thomson being called an English gentleman. Mr. Auchterlonie certainly lacks the humour of a former parson of Craigdam, whose jests are remembered to this day. The word "British" is nothing short of barbaric, and, in any case, cannot satisfy everybody. The fact that one has been born and bred in what is known as "Scotland" does not imply that one is Scotch, for I have known many North Country Celts repudiate the title as vigorously as Mr. Auchterlonie deprecates the word "English." The Celt for long waged war with the Lowland Scot much more fiercely than did the Englishman, although his claims were settled in Mr. Auchterlonie's very county. It is high time that such parochial pedantry should be abandoned, for surely the people across the Border, who aim more and more at speaking the English language and abandoning the vernacular, cannot seriously object to being called English. But here is the situation from another point of view—

What is a Scot, I want to know?

What makes one Caledony?

I used to think that long ago

The Union settled this; but, lo!

I find I have been wrong; for so

Says Mr. Auchterlonie.

The Englishman and Scottish chiel

Have made the best of cronies;

They've struggled for each other's weal

(The one on beef, the Scot on meal).

Does Scotland feel the Saxon's heel,

As do the Auchterlonies?

O Caledonia stern and wild,

Where folks are strong and bony,

Where mountain dew is far from mild,

I wonder are you reconciled

To England's ruling, now reviled

By Mr. Auchterlonie?

Shall Scotland change her dialects,

And call a "shultie" pony?

And must she merge her many sects,

Auld Zion, which the State protects,

To pay the Saxon's church respects?

Not so, quoth Auchterlonie.

Shall Scotland's glens be trampled down,

For grouse and deer and cony?

Can Scotsmen think that it's a boon

To let the lazy English loon

Absorb her name—or will they swoon,

Like Mr. Auchterlonie?

But I have real sympathy with patriotic Scotsmen who object to the destruction of the Falls of Foyers. It is an Englishman, quaintly enough, who has come forward to plead for the Falls, for the Duke of Westminster has fought vigorously against their destruction. Writing in the *Chronicle*, which so offends the Rev. Mr. Auchterlonie, he says—

Workmen are at present employed at Foyers in making a tunnel from a point above the upper fall to a point below the lower fall. Through this tunnel the *whols* of the waters of the Foyers river will be conducted for the purpose of manufacturing aluminium by means of electricity, so that, as the agent of the Aluminium Company humorously states, "The falls will not be injured, only there will be no water in them." The proposed factory will not only destroy the finest waterfall in the United Kingdom, it will also emit hydrofluoric acid gas, which will be most destructive to vegetation in the neighbourhood. In addition to this, it appears that the manufacture of aluminium will certainly create great spoil-banks, which the company are under no obligation to remove should they at any time suspend operations, nor, in the event of such a contingency arising, are they liable to restore the Lakes of Stratherrick to their former levels, or to divert the water again to its original channel.

I was recently lunching in the City, in the company and at the expense of a friend who is a bit of a philosopher in his way. After doing our duty, we adjourned to a famous coffee-house, where hundreds of the nobler sex were being waited on by a small bevy of fair women. "The dignity of labour," I said, quoting from some essay whose author I have forgotten; "consider its achievements." And I felt as pleased to note the industry of others as though I had been at work. "Yes," replied my friend, "I agree with you in everything except the question of labour. These girls find far more pleasure than you imagine in putting on smart badges, and waiting on smart men. They soon learn if any of their patrons are cads, and avoid them; with the others they enjoy a mild flirtation. There are hundreds of girls who need not work for their living, but would be very glad to do as these do, and have friendly, informal relations with pleasant men." "As you suggest," I said, "we are a charming sex, and women ought to be very proud of us." "That's not it," continued my lunch-provider; "the converse would equally apply. Suppose the City were populated by women instead of men, would not every unoccupied man who now seldom goes eastward of Temple Bar find the City more pleasant than Pall Mall? Why, if every City house employed women instead of men, the West-End would be a howling wilderness!" And there is some truth in the remark.

Nowadays, if we come across a freak of Nature, we just lament its existence, and then look about for a likely music-hall on which to exhibit the phenomenon. The music-hall has thus taken something of a certain aspect of the country fairs so popular in the southern counties, especially Surrey, a few years back. The inevitable result of the public demand for living curios has, to some extent, comforted men for the afflictions of Nature. A well-known manager and agent tells a funny story in connection with this matter. Some years ago a man called on him and said, "I wish to appear in public as 'The Music-Hall Apollo.' A course of study in the British Museum, and much careful observation, have convinced me that I am one of the very few living men who retain the old Greek beauty of form. My idea is that I should stand behind a curtain, while a lecturer told the public of the beauties of the ancient shape, and that, at the conclusion of his remarks, the curtain should be drawn back." Needless to say, this offer, which was made in all possible seriousness, was not accepted, and, to the best of my belief, "Apollo" still wants a job.

Since the publication of the recent articles on the Maybrick case, some of Mrs. Maybrick's friends have called attention to the following facts. First, that, although the identity of the first gentleman who called on Mrs. Maybrick at her hotel was not mentioned at the trial, it was well known, the gentleman himself, Mr. Knight, an old friend of Mrs. Maybrick's family, being in attendance to give evidence if required. Secondly, that the evidence of Mrs. Maybrick having occupied the same room as Brierley is unsatisfactory, as the only witness on that point, the waiter examined at the trial, has, since then, withdrawn his identification.

Miss Hope Booth, that dauntless little heroine of two Royalty fiascos, is now exhibiting her talent in the provincial music-halls, and has just been appearing at Brighton. 'Cute, Cunning, and Curly are the alliterative trio of epithets which she is at present applying to herself.

When I see the work of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and consider how well animals are treated in England as compared with their treatment elsewhere, I cannot help thinking that foreign branches of this society would do immense good could they arouse the several Governments to action. Everywhere on the Continent brute creation suffers, has suffered, and will continue to suffer till law intervenes. Those novelists who delight in painting pictures of French, Swiss, and Italian peasants seem to have missed the cruelty to animals entirely. Moreover, I venture to think that men become more brutal to their fellow-men when they have accustomed themselves to ill-treat animals. Your peasant of low type, be he French, Italian, or Spanish, is horribly cruel by instinct. The law hinders him to some small extent from treating his children as badly as his beasts, but something more than law is required. I have seen sights in Southern Europe that have almost made me ill. I have seen an Englishman nearly killed for interfering with men for whom death by torture would be a great deal too good. And to such an extent has indifference gone, that people living in those parts simply remark that it does not matter, for animals are cheap. It is not necessary to go out of Europe; indeed, if I were to relate what I have seen in Morocco, people would not believe me. It is sufficient that a vast measure of work lies before the S.P.C.A.

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MISS IDA RENE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

ALMOST AN ADVENTURE.

We had been riding since the early morning along the mountain-paths, plains, and bridle-roads leading from Tetuan to Tangiers. The sun was broiling, the roads were as bad as they could well be, and, although the guide jogged on steadily enough, I devoutly wished that we were back at our hotel. There was no sound save when we disturbed a flight of locusts, and they swept into the air with a flutter of thousands of wings. At last a real English thirst made me desperate. "We must gallop, Hassan," I said; "take the shortest cut into Tangiers, and let me drink the place dry." In my thirsty haste I urged my horse to fresh exertion: the poor beast stumbled and fell. We got him up, but he had strained a foot, and couldn't move another inch.

I remained by his side while Hassan rode off towards the town. It seemed hours before he came back; but, as he brought a drink with him, I did not abuse him much. With him came two natives, one on horseback, the other on foot. They remained with the horse, and undertook to bandage the injured foot and lead him gently back to

lustrous eyes, come back to me now, as I write these lines, and I almost turn sick at the recollection.

I had small appetite for lunch, and, while flirting with a glass of lemonade, I opened the basket purchased from the prison. A letter was lying in a corner, with a piece of wicker-work holding it steady and keeping it from shaking. I said nothing, but sent Hassan outside, and slipped the missive into my pocket. Shortly after, I went to see a friend, and arranged to stop overnight in Tangiers. I had no opportunity of speaking to him quietly until the evening, when I asked if he knew a reliable native who could translate Arabic. He said he would send for one, and asked to see the letters. I took them from the envelope. There were two, in different hands, on common paper, but done with singular care.

My companion looked at them carefully. "I can make out a few words; they seem to say something about the governor, and there is what appears to be a petition for pardon."

About half-past ten there was a sharp ring at the bell, and a native servant rushed into the room.

"The captain of the prison is here," he said, in very broken English.

"Ask him in," said my friend, glancing significantly at me.



THE INDIAN EXHIBITION, BY NIGHT.

stable, while we rode off and entered Tangiers. One drink is not enough to do more than excite thirst, so we stopped for another. "You are close to the prison," said Hassan. "The judge is still sitting; if you like, we will go over the Courts and see the native prisoners." Having nothing better to do, I consented. We left our mounts in charge of a dirty but picturesque boy, and sauntered off.

I believe the gentleman who sat cross-legged on a cushion and administered justice (?) was a deputy of the Chief Judge, and I am sure he will not take it amiss if I say I have never seen a man who carried "blackguard" stamped so indelibly on every line of his coarse face.

When we had watched this curiosity of the law for a few minutes, and he had stared at me with an ugly expression in his small, twinkling eyes, we went into the courtyard of the prison. One compartment is reserved for short sentences, while, in the main body of the building, the convicts whose crimes range from murder to inability to pay the Sultan's arbitrary taxes are chained by their legs to the wall, to starve, rot, or die of fever, as they think best. One privilege is allowed to them—they may make wicker baskets, and sell them to charitably disposed visitors through a little iron grating.

Some idea of Dante's Inferno might be gathered from a peep into the den in which the innocent and guilty are crowded together. The gloom, contrasting vividly with the bright light of day beyond, the thin, emaciated figures chained to posts, the hollow cheeks and wide-staring,

The captain, a swarthy ruffian, with the red fez and white turban indicating the married state, entered with another man, saluted, and looked at me in a manner betokening very little goodwill.

"The Signor was at the prison this morning," he said in Arabic, and his companion, an interpreter, rendered the words into Spanish, "and a letter was given to him in mistake by a prisoner who wished to have it posted in the regular way. I am here to receive that letter."

"I will undertake," I said, "to deliver it for the prisoner."

My offer was translated, but failed to satisfy the official. "No, no!" he said; "it must be posted in the ordinary way. I have come specially to demand its restitution on behalf of the governor."

"You must give it up," said my friend, "or there will be a bother."

"I will give him one," I whispered, recollecting that one letter was in the envelope, and the other loose in the pocket of my coat. I took out the envelope, and presented it to the captain.

"There is a note missing," he said at once; "there were two."

Very reluctantly, I drew out the remaining paper; the officer put it in the envelope, saluted, and retired.

What revelations those letters contained I can scarcely guess, but they must have been fairly startling to have brought the officer all through Tangiers to find out where I was staying and recover them. In a town where tyranny, cruelty, and injustice go hand-in-hand, it is probable that they were destined to appeal to an intelligent audience.

HEATHERLEY'S ART SCHOOL: PAST AND PRESENT.—I.

If walls could speak or dictate their reminiscences, the walls of some quaint, old-world rooms at 79, Newman Street, Oxford Street, would become a veritable mine of "copy" for the novelist and the interviewer. It is there, just a stone's throw from one of the early homes of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, that through two generations Heatherley's Art School



THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES.

has hung out its sign, and Heatherley's is to London what Julian's is to Paris—a destiny as inevitable to the young artist as measles or influenza to the ordinary mortal. Few are the English artists of the present day, known or unknown to fame, who have not spent some part of their apprenticeship at Heatherley's. The list of those who, having succumbed to the inevitable, have afterwards become famous, hangs in the entrance-hall, and fairly bristles with names of R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s, well-known water-colourists, and illustrators. Looking at that golden list, one sighs to think of the columns of famous "copy"—raw material for a dozen "Trilbys"—all, alas! lost for ever, unless some ex-student, prompted by this suggestion, comes to the rescue, and ekes out the all-too-brief memorials of the school given by Mr. Stacy Marks in his "Pen and Pencil Sketches." But, alas! many of the old students have gone to regions to which even the boldest of interviewers would hesitate to follow them. Others, waxed fat and dully respectable, wear silk hats and eat Academy banquets, and, except now and again, when Varnishing Day brings round encounters with old students, they find it more convenient to let the merry past bury its past of art-student days with their tale of boyish pranks and escapades.

Among London art schools, Heatherley's occupies the proud position of veteran. Sass's, afterwards Carey's, where Rossetti worked for a time, might, if it still existed, claim to be older even than Heatherley's; but of Carey's, late Sass's, no trace remains except a few stray recollections and a Minerva's head, hewn in stone, above a certain door in Bedford Square, where the school was located. Heatherley's is, indeed, older even than itself. Before it was Heatherley's it had a sort of pre-natal existence as Leigh's, first at 18, Maddox Street, and, later, in its present premises.

It is now some forty years since the school was started in Maddox Street. Its founder, James Mathews Leigh, was a cousin of Charles Mathews, the actor, and this ancestral connection with the stage may explain the attraction which the school seems to have had for members of the dramatic profession. Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and, more recently, J. Forbes-Robertson and Frank Wyatt, have been students at Heatherley's, and the Lyceum stage owes some of its best scenic effects to another ex-student of the school, H. V. Ballard.

The story of the founding of Leigh's School is told by Mr. Stacy

Marks in his "Pen and Pencil Sketches," and the same volumes contain some delightful recollections of the early days in Maddox Street. Day-classes for ladies were held by Mr. Dickenson at 18, Maddox Street, and the rooms, being unused in the evenings, were rented by some rebellious students from Somerset House, where a National School of Design had been established. The leader of the rebels, J. R. Herbert, now R.A., cajoled his friend, James Mathews Leigh, into becoming master of the school, which thus became known as "Leigh's." Among its first students were T. H. Wells and H. H. Armstead, who were later to blossom into R.A.'s; F. Smallfield, afterwards a prominent member of the old Water-Colour Society; John R. Clayton and Stacy Marks, who had abandoned his father's business of coach-building for the more congenial rôle of art-student. The new school seems to have flourished apace, all the more, perhaps, because for long Leigh's and Carey's were the only private art schools in London—a fact difficult to credit in these days, when London and the suburbs are honeycombed with art schools. The high fees made Carey's school less accessible to poor students than its younger rival, which soon began to attract the rising talent of the time.

Many of the fine collection of casts which Heatherley's boasts were formerly the property of Leigh's friend, Baily, the sculptor, whose "Eve at the Fountain" was one of the successes of the Royal Academy of 1818. It is to the generosity of Baily that Heatherley's owes that highly prized treasure, a cast of the Apollo Belvidere, which is, possibly, the finest in London. Many of the casts and other properties of the school date from these early days in Maddox Street, and when Leigh's moved eastwards, the students, walking in procession, carried with them the more precious of the casts and the properties which are a special glory of the school. Unfortunately, no *Sketch* artist or snap-shot photographer then existed to preserve a picture of that somewhat novel "fitting."

Possibly the studio scenes in Stevenson's "Wrecker" or Du Maurier's "Trilby" could easily be matched by the true story of Leigh's in the days when many embryo R.A.'s were serving their apprenticeship to art in the Newman Street School. Fred Walker—the original, perchance, of Du Maurier's "Little Billee"—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Burgess, Long, and Calderon were some of the students at successive epochs in the early history of the school.

Anecdotes are rife of "Dagger Leigh," who owed his nickname to his gifts of sarcastic repartee and cynical expression. He could, we



BEFORE "SENDING-IN DAY."

are told, hold his own with his friends Douglas Jerrold and Thackeray. Leigh was a pupil of Etty, and was best known as a portrait-painter, though he also exhibited many historic and religious subject pictures at Royal Academy exhibitions between 1825 and 1849. In the pages of "Pen and Pencil Sketches," we have glimpses of the master, with his piercing eyes, fine forehead, square jaw, and the thin lips which were rarely parted from the stem of a long churchwarden; for Leigh was an inveterate smoker, and possibly this habit caused the cancer in the tongue of which he died. Leigh had lived abroad a great deal, and was a good linguist. One of a family of actors, he was himself no mean actor, and

his old students can remember him, his strongly built figure picturesquely garbed in a long, loose gaberdine of black velvet, a skull-cap on his head, pacing the gallery among the casts and easels, personating Mazzini, and rolling out sarcasm and invective in excellent Italian. But the cynicism and sarcasm were only skin-deep. Beneath them lurked a fund of humour, much shrewd common-sense, and a wealth of generosity and kindness by which many a struggling student was the richer. Leigh's method of teaching was that of leaving the students pretty much to their own devices, though he would frequently take the palette and brushes from one of them, and, with a few strokes, show on the margin

adept at round games, and also at the then fashionable amusement of table-turning. Some of the fellow-guests of Mr. Stacy Marks—who has much to say of these supper-parties, though not so much but that one wishes it were more—were T. J. Heatherley, Leigh's successor as teacher in the school; John Sparkes, now of the South Kensington Schools; J. F. Slinger, who was, for a time, assistant-master at the Slade School; and Walter Thornbury, afterwards art critic of the *Athenæum* under the régime of Hepworth Dixon. Of Thornbury, Mr. Marks tells that he could turn a phrase or compose a couplet while working at the antique, a talent which, perchance, accounts for his achievement of having given



A BELLE OF BELUCHISTAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED BRENNER, QUETTA.

of the canvas how to indicate a head or a limb. His impromptu lectures on surface regions and masses are also recalled by Mr. Marks as part of Leigh's method of teaching.

Leigh was a widower, with an only son, Henry Leigh, the future author of "The Carols of Cockayne" and of many a well-known song. His house was kept by his mother, who, according to Mr. Marks, was a cheery, chatty old lady, with a fund of anecdote. One of Leigh's idiosyncrasies was to delegate to his mother the task of interviewing applicants for admission to the school.

Leigh's student supper-parties on the night before sending in to the Academy were a famous institution. The fare was of the simplest—bread-and-cheese and beer, with a modicum of gin-and-water to moisten the pipe or cigar that followed—but Leigh was a famous talker and an

six toes to a gladiator! Leigh's son enlivened proceedings with music. Fred Walker, another of Leigh's disciples who was afterwards to become famous, did not join the school until after Mr. Marks had left, or we might have had some account of "Little Billee's" contributions to the mirth of these student supper-parties. The glimpses of the founder of the original "Heatherley's" contained in "Pen and Pencil Sketches" close with the sad picture of the master, his pale face bandaged, walking dumbly among the works of his pupils, unable to criticise except by sign. And when Leigh died, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, and was followed to his grave on the heights of Highgate by a band of devoted students, the school which he had founded entered, so to speak, upon a new incarnation. "Leigh's" died only to live again as "Heatherley's."

ALICE STRONACH.

THE OLD SHOWMAN.

Probably there are few people among the crowds that one sometimes sees, watching the ancient puppet-show of "Punch and Judy" and marionette shows in the streets of London, who have not felt some degree of curiosity



THE LAWN AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

as to the origin of those amusing and eccentric exhibitions. There is a quaint flavour about the whole subject so suggestive of antiquity that one is not surprised to find that puppets and movable figures of various kinds for mimic representations were in use many centuries ago.

In common with many of our Western ideas, this one of creating amusement by means of inanimate figures, worked by springs and wires, has been traced to an Oriental origin. In fact, there is reason to believe that puppets have existed from the very beginnings of history, for it is

now generally admitted that they are simply an improvement upon the idols which were worshipped as deities by the early and uncivilised races of the globe have had their movable puppets, and, although in well-nigh every age and country they have passed through various stages of development, it seems to have been the invariable rule that they were first of all introduced in connection with religion. In the first place, as one writer has remarked, they appear as sacred images in the temple or the church; in the second, as the toys of the aristocracy; and in the third, as the playthings of the people. Traces of this process may be found in the records of ancient Greece and Rome, as well as in the chief centres of Christian Europe.

In the early days of Christianity, the Church began to make use of mechanical figures, and the showman's art was employed for the purpose of attracting people to her ceremonies, as well as to strengthen their faith in her miracles. Our familiar word "marionette" is, indeed, derived directly from the movable figures of the Virgin Mary.

The old showman and his quaint puppets, therefore, have a distinguished and venerable ancestry, and it is not remarkable that, in the course of centuries, the performances, once solemn and associated with religious ideas, should have undergone great changes and have become objects of popular amusement.

"Punch and Judy," which is the most pronounced existing type of these ancient performances, has been traced, in something of its present form, to an Italian origin. According to some authorities, the character of Pulcinella (for such was the original Italian name of Punch) was invented at Naples, in or about the year 1600, by a comedian named Silvio Fiorillo. This sort of dramatic show was performed by certain actors, travelling about from place to place. The plot of the play was apparently pre-arranged, and the outline of the

substance and the distribution of each scene were also settled; but the dialogue was impromptu, and left to the taste and skill of each individual. The various actors took a definite part, and Pulcinella was one of their number. In some of the other characters may be found representatives of the Clown or Fool of the old English drama, and of Harlequin.

The transition from the name Pulcinella to Puncinella was easy, and the shortened form Punch followed, as a matter of course, when the character was imported into England. The conditions under which Punch became a mere puppet again are not quoted in history; but his physical form is so strongly marked, and his long nose and humped back such persistent features, from Roman times downward, that no one who gives the slightest attention to the subject can have any doubt as to the identity of the grotesque individual.

Punch's first arrival in England is a point of no little interest, and, although the exact year of his advent has yet to be ascertained, some valuable information on the subject has been discovered. From certain entries in the overseers' books of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, under the years 1666 and 1667, it appears that sums varying from £1 2s. 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. were received of "Punchinello, ye Italian popet player, for his booth at Charing Cross." This is perhaps the earliest mention of the performance in England, yet it is sufficient to indicate that at that date performances were regularly given in a booth devoted to the purpose.

Robert Powell was one of the early and most remarkable showmen of "Punch" in London. About the end of the year 1709, he set up a show for the exhibition of his puppets in Covent Garden, and, according to the *Spectator* of the day, it seems that their attraction was so great as to thin the congregation at St. Paul's Church, hard by. The sexton of that church is supposed to write a letter, dated March 13, 1711, wherein he complains that within the past fortnight he finds the congregation takes the church bell as a sign to go to the puppet-show. He adds, "I have placed my son at the Piazzas, to acquaint the ladies that the bell rings for church, and that it stands on the other side of the garden; but they only laugh at the child."

At country fairs and other places of public assembly, puppet-shows and raree-shows seem to have been popular forms of amusement from time immemorial. One of Powell's rivals in the raree-show line was a man known familiarly as "Old Harry." He had a facetious manner, which invariably brought him a crowd of

auditors. He described the various articles in his cabinet in such a way as to combine amusement with instruction. A charge of one farthing was made for the privilege of looking through the glass to behold the wonderful objects he carried about for the delectation of his customers, and in this way Old Harry managed to make a comfortable living.



A MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH GARDENS.—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



THE GRAND WALK, MARYLEBONE GARDENS, 1755.



VAUXHALL GARDENS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

It may be that the whole subject of puppet-shows has been treated with too little attention by busy Londoners in recent years. Dr. Johnson is known to have gravely expressed the opinion that Shakspeare's plays might be very appropriately represented by puppets instead of living actors, and there are several amusing instances of great men having a partiality for witnessing the performance of "Punch and Judy." Mr. Secretary Wyndham, in the latter part of the last century, was on his way one day from Downing Street to the House of Commons, where an important debate was going on, and, seeing an exhibition of "Punch and Judy" in the street, it is said he stayed until the end of it, in order to enjoy the fun, quite regardless of the important matters demanding his attention at the House. Albert Smith was another admirer of



ADVERTISEMENT OF A GALA IN HONOUR OF WILLIAM IV. AT THE VAUXHALL GARDENS, 1836.

Punch. He openly avowed his interest in the ludicrous exhibition, and declared himself to be never ashamed of being caught gazing at Punch. Another remarkable instance of the same kind occurred quite recently in London, when an Oriental potentate delayed his journey to an important State function in order to watch a "Punch and Judy" show.

"MY FANCY!"

The latest development in terpsichorean divertisement is the "Buck Dance," which has just been introduced to us by "My Fancy," who is in private life Miss Mae Rose Baker, as pretty and quaint a little American maid of sixteen summers as one could find. She is a native of St. Louis, and it was the accident of her birth and up-bringing among the darkies that enabled her to bring us this pretty and musical dance. Among the negroes, the men, or "bucks," are the entertainers and dancers, so her guardian and manager adopted that somewhat uneuphonious name for her rhythmic and musical gyrations. She is entirely self-taught, and, what is more remarkable, never studies her dances, but makes up her new steps before her audience: she does about sixty, and can keep up her dance for some thirty minutes without showing the slightest sign of fatigue. It is, indeed, a pleasure to see her on the stage, her beaming face and bright brown eyes framed in her masses of short curly hair—hair so thick that she is often accused of wearing a wig. Though she has only appeared in public during the last few years, she has danced ever since she could maintain the perpendicular; and her dances are many, for she is an adept in all styles of skirt, step, or serpentine dancing, as well as being clever at "song and dance," for she has a pretty soprano voice, and her songs, especially "Pretty Maggie Mooney," have certainly caught on. She has danced all over America, and made her debut here at the Pavilion a few months ago, though lately she has been delighting the audiences at the Palace; from there she goes to Berlin, and then to Paris. After that she returns to the States, and, later, comes to England for another engagement at the Palace. Miss Baker is a clever linguist, an adept with her brush, and so quick with her needle that she designs and makes almost all her own dresses. To London she gives high praise, for she declares it to be "as nice as New York"; but she loves her Southern home, for all her darkie friends welcome her, and, crowding round the stage-door, point out "Honey." It was from the admiration of an old darkie that she took her pet name, for, after discussing the entertainment in a general way, he said, "Wal, she's my fancy!"

IIORS D'ŒUVRES.

The rain has come on us now in good earnest, after delaying long enough to cause a water-famine in the East End, and storms of tropical vehemence have served to illustrate the truth of the proverb that "it never rains but it pours." We might almost divide the sentence, and say—"It never rains; but it pours!" Rain seems to be a word too feeble to express the torrent that drowns a suburban station "eighteen bricks deep." The East-Enders may now complain of flooded cellars and leaking roofs. "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia"; and the Water Company would be welcome, if it could cut off the rain.

The frost of the winter and the drought of the spring and summer seem to show that our climate is tending to extremes. Winters of an Arctic intensity are followed by summers of the Sahara; or, if this be an exaggeration, at any rate, there are a bleakness of cold and a dryness of heat hitherto unfamiliar. Can it be that the Gulf Stream is going wrong? I believe an enterprising Yankee once proposed to deflect that moderating current by a breakwater, and starve out the Britisher by depriving him of his warm water. Then our climate, no longer mollified, would show extremes of heat and cold—such as are known beneath the Stars and Stripes. It was a grandiose idea, worthy to be enshrined in the ephemeral brass of the Transatlantic Press.

The Transatlantic critic, too, is rampant just now. As the Belgian Shakspeare, the gifted Maeterlinck, remarks, apropos of a hospital by a canal, "Écoutez! les transatlantiques sifflent encore à l'horizon!" And whether he means that transatlantic winds, or transatlantic liners, or merely Americans, are whistling on the horizon, I do not know, and I should seriously doubt whether he knows himself. The particular Transatlantic who is whistling, or, rather, hissing, on our horizon is Mr. Brander Matthews, who has discovered that our literary weeklies are altogether too tender to our novelists—which may be granted—and that nobody would gather from our criticisms that our novels are inferior to those of Russia, America, France, and Spain.

That is possible; comparisons are proverbially odious, and the critic who is for ever carping at Mr. Anthony Hope for not being Tolstoi, at Mr. Thomas Hardy for not being Zola, and at Mr. Kipling for not being "a Howells or James young man," is a malignant nuisance. But, taking Mr. Brander Matthews at his word, what novelists has Russia to show just now? Nobody very remarkable, I think. Tolstoi the faddist is still alive, but Tolstoi the novelist is nearly extinct. At best he gives us an occasional wedge of black bread to an intolerable deal of mystic slop. And Spain and Italy? They have each one or two clever writers, but a pair of swallows do not make a summer. Probably we should admit that the novel in France is, on the average, better written than our own; but I am not at all sure that the few highest English names could not match the best of France. And there is a good deal of bad work done in France, as in America and England—only it does not come our way. And as for the assertion that the best or the average American novel is better than the best or the average English novel of the present, the man who will say that is—an amiable person whose theories have run away with him.

The fact is that our American literary friends have a sort of sneaking, unconscious feeling that the English language belongs to them; that we have really no particular business to write novels at all. Our critics are not always arguing about the relative merits of American and French and Russian novels. They take books impartially. They enjoy many American novels, and do not require them to be written in London English; they enjoy or pretend to enjoy Russian and Spanish and Italian books in translations, and many of them know quite a fair amount of French.

And when they are suddenly rated in a professorial manner by an otherwise amiable and intelligent person for not always comparing their own novelists unfavourably with the latest realist from Russia, or Spain, or the Fiji Islands, they merely rub their eyes, and wonder what the dear good man is exciting himself about.

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

MISS MAE ROSE BAKER.

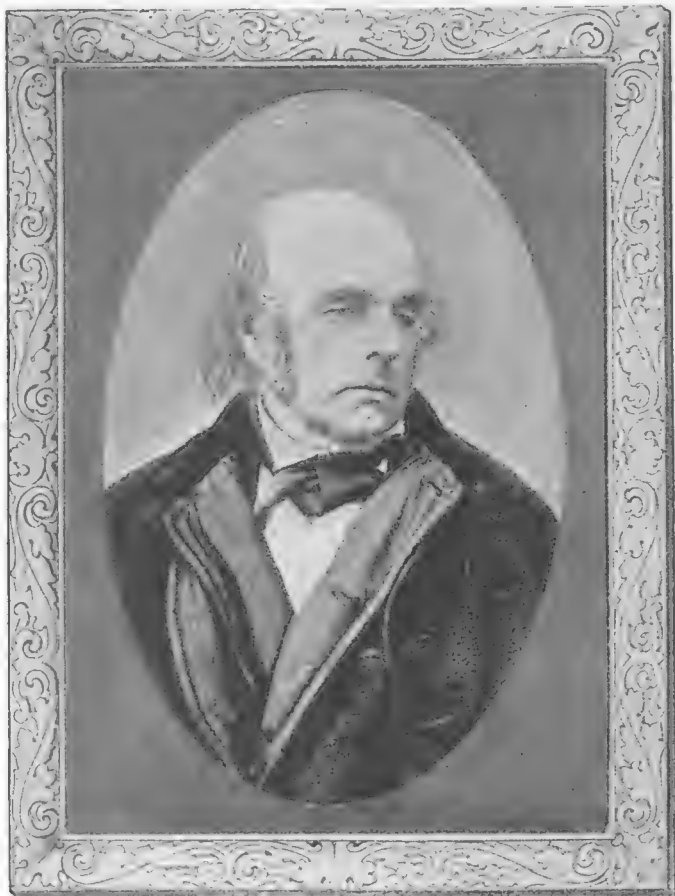
Photographs by Hana, Strand.



THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"TWO SUFFOLK FRIENDS."*

He was no ordinary man whom Thackeray, not long before his death, named as one of the two friends he had loved most, and whose coming rough-tongued Carlyle hailed as bringing him "welcome and wholesome solace." It is of the "dear old Fitz," to whom Tennyson dedicated "Tiresias," and whose "Letters," on their publication, brought a new star into the ken of many, that Mr. Groome writes so delightfully that, in closing his little book, we "ask for more." He is a son of one of FitzGerald's oldest friends, and his reminiscences of the two East Anglians



EDWARD FITZGERALD.

are agreeably supplemental to what we learn about them from Mr. Aldis Wright's volumes. First of all, we meet the author's father, representative of a type of clergyman well-nigh extinct. For your modern parish parson is carried along the swift modern stream, like the rest of us. He goes his rounds on a bicycle; he deals at the Stores; he reads the comic papers; and, touring abroad, wears a light-grey suit. All well enough in its way, but it tends to detachment. The parson nowadays knows less of the inner life of his people; confidences between them slacken, and the old patriarchal feeling has gone. But in Archdeacon Groome we have, as it were, the incarnation of a line of Cowper or Goldsmith, a blend suggestive of the Vicar of Wakefield and Fletcher of Madeley. His forbears were Aldeburgh sea-folk, of the "wild, amphibious race" described by Crabbe, men who braved the fury of the North Sea in small fishing-smacks, or, in larger whaling craft, the perils of the Arctic Ocean. His grandfather was owner of the sloop in which Crabbe sailed for London, and when the son was about to take orders, he expressed a timid hope that the bishop would deem him a proper candidate. "'And who the devil in hell,' cried the father, 'should he ordain if he doesn't ordain you, my dear?'"

This same son became rector of Monk Soham, and to that living the Archdeacon succeeded in 1845, when he was in his thirty-fifth year. There he remained until his death in 1889, surviving FitzGerald just six years. A quiet, uneventful life, varied, as chance permitted, by intercourse with old friends, notably, Thompson of Trinity and Bodham Donne. He loved the Suffolk folk; he studied their dialect, and collected their tales, for the preservation of which his son deserves well of the county. We get amusing glimpses of the Monk Soham people and their neighbours, of their superstitions, their gaucheries, and their homely sayings. We see the old farmer at the tithe dinner taking a "dollop" of bread-sauce on the top of his knife, tasting it, and then saying, "Don't chuse none." We see another who, thinking he should get but one plate for the several courses, shovelled his fish-bones under the table. Then there was the boy who escaped from the village stocks by unlacing his "high-lows," and so withdrawing his feet. There was the clergyman "who, preaching in a strange church, asked to have a glass of water in the pulpit, and who, after the sermon, said to the clerk in the vestry,

'That might have been gin-and-water, John, for all the people could tell.' Taking the duty at the same church next-Sunday, he found, to his horror, it was gin-and-water. 'I took the hint, Sir; I took the hint,' quoth John from the desk below."

Of the stories in dialect given by Mr. Groome, we are tempted to present a specimen. It tells how a doctor, called in to prescribe for a patient "wonnerful päad over with rheumatics," said to him—

"Yeou ha' got the *lump-ague* in your lines; yeou must hiv a hot barth." "What's that?" sez master. "Oh!" sez the doctor, "yeou must hiv your biggest tub full o' hot water, and laa in it ten minnits." Sune as he was gone, missus saa, "Dew yeou go and call Sam Driver, and I'll lite the copper." When she cum back, she saa, "Dew yeou tew take the washin'-tub upstairs, and when the water biles yeou cum for it." So byne-by we filled the tub, and missus saa, "John, dew yeou take yar master's hid, and Sam, yeou take his feet, and drop him in." We had a rare job to lift him, but we dropt him in, and, O lawk, how he did screech! yeou might ha' l'ard him a mile off. He splounded out o' the tub flop upon the floor, and, dew all we could, we coon't 'fice him in again. "Yeou willans," sez he, "yeou've kilt me." But, arter a bit, we got him to bed, and, when the doctor cum next mornin', he towed him how bad he was. So the doctor ax'd me what we'd done. I towed him, and he saa, "Was the water warm?" "Warm!" sez I, "'twould ommost ha' scalt a hog." Oh, how he did laff! "Why, John, bor," sez he, "yeou must ha' meant to bile yar master alive." Howsoudiver, master lost the *lump-ague*, and nivver sed nothin' about the tub, 'cept when he saa to me sometimes, kind o' joky, "John, bor, do yeou alluz kip out o' hot water."

That "old Fitz" printed some of these stories and sea-yarns for private gifts to his friends reminds us that he must not longer be kept waiting on the threshold. Albeit, where there is good-fellowship, he is in the midst, and bright and clear is the picture of him which Mr. Groome draws from his own boyish reminiscences and from his father's frequent talks. Here we have not so much the FitzGerald of the "Letters," with his delightful gossip on men, books, art, and music, as the lover of sailors and the sea; the man "of simple life and matchless charity." For the filling-in of the picture, a happy chance has given Mr. Groome the use of a batch of letters written by FitzGerald to Mr. Spalding, the Curator of Colchester Museum. Here we have him who was always in undress, "more so," he and his "merry men," as he called them—"Bassey," nickname of the captain of the Scandal, so christened



ARCHDEACON GROOME.

because that "was the staple of Woodbridge," and Posh, nickname of the skipper of the fishing-lugger christened *Meum and Tuum*, because, if there were any losses, FitzGerald paid them, and if any profits, the crew took them! Master and servants come before us on an equal footing; they take their ale together—Posh always inclined to swallow too much of it—at the Suffolk, haunt of Lowestoft smacksmen; they count the "lasts" (Icelandic, *lest*, a load) of fish; FitzGerald asking his friends to drop the "Esquire" when they write to him, and to address him as "Herring Merchant"; and while he watches the "hands" tanning the nets or tarring the lugger, he reads his "Don Quixote" in the original.

With such companions, in whom, as he told Carlyle, he saw "the funded virtues of many good, humble men gone by," did the friend of Thackeray, Tennyson, and others, such as these at whose feet the world sits, among whom he was peer, pass his days till old age bade him exchange the German Ocean for the quiet Deben. EDWARD CLODD.

* "Two Suffolk Friends." By Francis Hinda Groome. London: William Blackwood and Sons.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



BARBARA.—G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ART NOTES.

Last week we referred briefly to Mr. Alma-Tadema's lecture upon knowledge in art, and we dwelt slightly upon one or two breaches (as they seemed) of good taste which occurred in that lecture. One little point we left alone, feeling sure that, if there was any offence in it, there could not be much doubt what the upshot might be. Mr. Alma-Tadema, in a word, made exhaustive reference to the prevalent colour of his various studios, and the influence of that colour upon his artistic eye, and observed that his "periods" of achievement might be marked off with ease by an outsider, according to the studio in which he painted this or the other picture. The fact is probably true, and is curiously interesting. But a man should speak for himself, and Mr. Alma-Tadema went on to speak of Mr. Whistler's preference for yellow in his studio, and suggested possible influences of this prevalent colour over Mr. Whistler's art.

The observation has "drawn" Mr. Whistler, who, in one of his customary letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has hurled scorn and satire upon the head of the lecturer. He makes reference to the gentleman with the "Romano-Dutch-St. John's Wooden-eye," and to the "five hundred giggling instructors, presently to be shot out upon Great Britain and the colonies," and becomes so generally elated in the utterance that he sings paeans to the tune of "Tadema-boom-de-ay." The upshot of the letter is, however, to ask Mr. Alma-Tadema "What do you know of my canary hangings, when you never saw them?"

Now, although we are quite prepared to acknowledge that Mr. Whistler's wit, when it is intelligible and not too French, is an admirable accomplishment, we venture to think that, in this instance, the game was not worth the candle, and the answer not worthy of the provocation. Mr. Tadema's reference to Mr. Whistler was, as a matter of fact, quite respectful; he had discovered, or thought he had discovered, a theory which accounted for certain changes in his



AFTER A SLIGHT FALL OF SNOW.—CLAUDE HAYES.
Exhibited in the New Gallery.

own tastes for colour, or rather, in his own use of colour. Whether or not Mr. Tadema had seen Mr. Whistler's studio is quite irrelevant to the theory broached by the former; it is enough that common report said this thing about it, and that Mr. Tadema saw, or thought he saw, confirmation of his theory in the saying of common report. That was all. The theory may have been a foolish one indeed; but it was certainly a "permissible" theory, and, as we have said, it was of no moment whether Mr. Tadema ever saw with the eye of flesh Mr. Whistler's canary hangings. To write so seriously about so very trivial a matter is, we fear, in Mr. Whistler, a loss of dignity that is quite appreciable.

There is sad news for Venice, the world's city of colour. It has long been known by everyone that in Venice bad colour is almost an impossibility. If a bad colour were by any chance introduced upon the streets or the clothing of Venice, there came

some inevitable change from the sea which softened it and tempered it into something soft and strange. It has been said that to visit Venice is to experience an education in colour, whether from the aspect of her highways or from the beauty of her church interiors. But beauty, of whatever kind, in the end, invariably succeeds



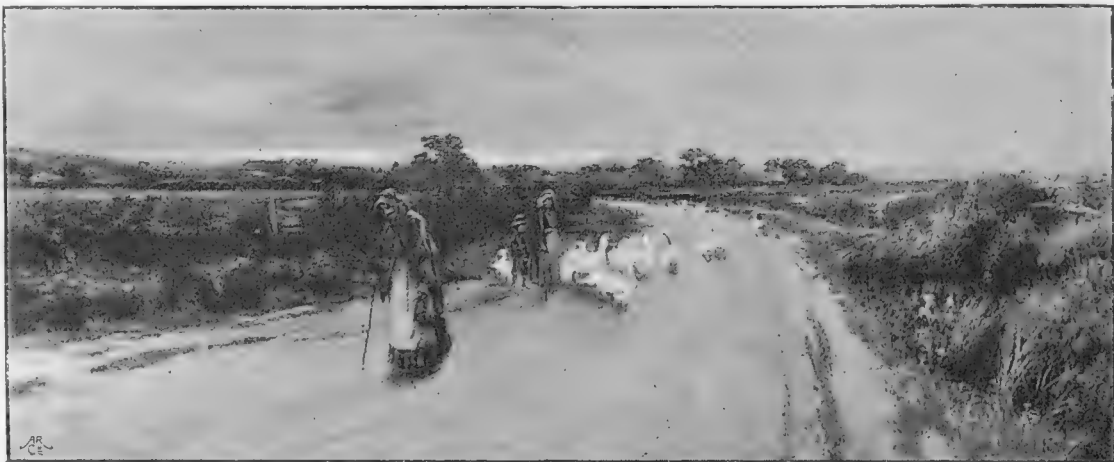
GOING TO THE FAIR.—CLAUDE HAYES.

in tiring its votaries, and the Venetians have at last discovered a colour which remains unchangeable, despite all possible effects of climate. That colour is—Prussian blue! The natural result has followed—

Prussian blue is the fashionable colour of Venice; gondolas, posts, and walls are painted Prussian blue; matrons, maids, and little children show themselves in Prussian blue; ties and socks are dyed Prussian blue; and the worst of it all is, that time cannot stale its infinite monotony.

In the off-season it is "*toujours* Whistler," for it seems that it is in these silent times that this artist chooses to make himself heard. In this instance we have to record briefly the upshot of the first scene of the second act of the Whistler-Eden controversy. It will be remembered that, by some odd perversity, the French Court, in deciding this case against Mr. Whistler, not only ordered him to pay damages and the value of the picture, but also to restore the picture itself to Sir William Eden. Nothing—and we speak impartially—could have been less logical. Grant that Mr. Whistler was treated justly in being compelled to pay back the price given for the picture, it seems no less just that, with the refunding of that money, the picture, of right, returned to the possession of the artist. The artist, therefore, very naturally appealed from so illlogical a judgment, with the result that Mr. Whistler has been confirmed in the possession of the picture, Sir William Eden to pay the costs of these proceedings.

A pupil of M. Bonnat, by name M. Gaston Larée, has this year gained the Prix de Rome in painting by a work, "The Holy Women at the Foot of the Cross." The picture is quite in accordance with the rules and regulations of academic art. Simultaneously with the award of the Prix de Rome, the Institut has given its decision in the competition for the Troyon Prize, awarding the prize to M. Hugues de Beaumont. The subject was "A Twilight Effect," and sixty-seven artists therefore furnished, in the struggle, sixty-seven twilight effects.



WHITHER?—GILBERT FOSTER, R.B.A.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1893, and one of the pictures sent for exhibition at Hobart Town, Tasmania, by the Royal Commissioners,

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

Photographs by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.



PARADE OF MARINE ARTILLERY ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. ROYAL SOVEREIGN.



CLEANING CANNON.



THE UPPER FALLS OF FOYERS, BEFORE THEIR DESTRUCTION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINE AND SONS, DUNDEE.



THE FALLS OF FOYERS, BEFORE THEIR DESTRUCTION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINE AND SONS, DUNDEE

INTERVIEW WITH MADAME ADAM.

Madame Adam, editor of *La Nouvelle Revue*, and one of the most interesting personalities among contemporary women in France (says a *Sketch* correspondent), lives in the Boulevard Malesherbes, that seemingly endless thoroughfare running from the Madeleine past the Church of St. Augustin to the Porte d'Asnières. She has, however, a pretty country-house outside Paris, to which she frequently retires when her engagements permit. From this rural retreat she wrote to me, in response to several letters of introduction which I had presented, regretting that her absence from town prevented her calling, and asking me, in view of my short stay in Paris, to waive ceremony and come to one of her popular reunions on the following Sunday evening. These Sunday gatherings include all that is best and brightest in the French capital, and invitations to them are eagerly sought. In the little theatre attached to the house, plays are acted by more or less distinguished—and invariably clever—amateurs. These plays are repeated for three Sundays in succession, to enable Madame Adam's immense circle to witness them without overcrowding, and on the occasion for which I was invited was to take place, according to the programme, the first representation of "Un Gant" (Traduction Monnier), in other words, of "The Gauntlet," by Björnsterne Björnson, done into French.

The entrance to the Petit Théâtre is in the Rue Juliette Lambert, a street that, in compliment to Madame Adam, bears her maiden name, or rather, did bear it, as, I believe, within the last month or so, the Municipality, yielding to their national love of novelty, have called it something else. It runs at right angles with the Boulevard Malesherbes. Some friends of mine who knew Madame Adam, and were invited for the same evening, had promised to meet me on my arrival, and present me to my hostess, and it was with something like dismay that, when the door opened, I found myself in the centre of a group of ladies, all strangers to me, and chatting animatedly. Whether any one of them was Madame Adam I could not tell, and as there was no cloak-room, as in England, where I might have sought refuge, and perhaps inquired as to the personal appearance of my hostess, I stood a moment irresolute, slowly unwinding the lace fichu that covered my head.

"Will you not lay your wraps aside?" said a voice. "You may leave them, if you like, in that ante-room."

I turned, and in another moment would have walked straight through a deceptive mirror that seemed to show a vista of corridors to the left, when a detaining hand was laid on my arm, and a handsome matronly woman, with grey hair powdered and turned back à la marquise, and wearing a robe of richest white brocade glittering with embroideries of steel and silver, cried—

"No, no! That is glass. It is here, the ante-room."

I divined Madame Adam, and at once introduced myself, regretting the absence of the friends who were to have presented me, and who had not yet arrived.

She smilingly made me at home, and waited while I took off my cloak. "Venez, ma fille," she said kindly as I returned to her, and, leading me up the room, she found me a comfortable seat near the stage, introduced me to my neighbours, and set me completely at my ease. Her daughter, Madame Segond, a handsome woman with dark hair, very regular features, and clear, pale complexion, who looked quite too young to be—as, in effect, she is—the mother of a grown-up girl, helped, with the aid of Mdlle. Segond, to receive and entertain the guests.

When the play—in which M. Barbier, a very young man with a slight dark moustache, distinguished himself as Alf, and Mdlle. de Kapatzinski was much applauded as Svava—was finished, Madame Adam merrily asked for votes from the women present as to the question involved.

"Who takes Svava's side?" she cried. "Hands up, please!"

Two alone had the courage to testify in favour of the heroine. The others discreetly abstained from recording their opinion. Then we all trooped to supper in the oak-panelled dining-room overhead, whence we moved into the red salon, with its plentiful but subdued light and

handsome bric-à-brac. The party speedily broke up into groups to discuss the code of morality enforced by the Norwegian dramatist and to listen to some excellent music. The greater number of the guests gathered round the stately hostess, but after a time she broke from them and flitted from one to another, praising this man, rallying that, detained on every side by those anxious for a word with her. She was full of life and animation—the very soul and centre of the reunion.

Some few days after this I persuaded Madame Adam to be interviewed on behalf of *The Sketch*. She received me cordially, and we sat in a little apartment leading to the theatre, where a rehearsal was in progress, the play on this occasion being Björnson's "Leonarda." From our post, a cosy corner, we could see reflected in a looking-glass the stage and the performers.

"Your theatricals were charming," I said.

"I am glad you liked them," responded Madame Adam. "Each season's representations are devoted to the works of one author, in order to make people thoroughly understand the man's ideas and course of thought. I consider that all great art requires a small circle to be thoroughly appreciated—*le grand art a besoin d'un petit milieu*—and therefore invite comparatively few of my friends on each occasion."

"And you find the Northern dramatists interesting?"

"Immensely! Little as they have in common with Parisian life and French character, the great moral movement of the present day comes to us from the North—Tolstoi, Tourgueniev, Björnson, Ibsen—and this because the East and the South are already exhausted, the great Christian movement having come from the East. Every sixth century God sends us revelations. These revelations become gradually absorbed in some form of worship (*ces révélations petit à petit deviennent absorbées dans le culte*), thereby losing their original value, and we need fresh revelations to stimulate us."

"Which do you prefer, Madame, Ibsen or Björnson?"

"Björnson, with whom I am in constant correspondence; but Ibsen I look on as a great moral teacher. I delight in taking in hand authors whom here in Paris we either misunderstand or despise, and frequently rearrange their plays for representation, for, after all, the public must be considered to a certain extent. 'The Gauntlet,' for instance, had to be considerably altered before even I had the courage to present it to a French audience. Björnson himself was nervous as to the result of my undertaking."

"I thought it a daring experiment of yours, Madame," said I; "but surely you have every reason to be satisfied with its reception on Sunday?"

Madame Adam smiled. "Yes; they were all interested, I think, and it was very well acted, was it not?"

I agreed. "Now, as to your own work, Madame. How did you join the ranks of literary women?"

"Well, I wrote my first article when I was fifteen and a-half. I had lately been married to my first

husband, a lawyer, and lived with him in a small provincial town. Those were the days when the crinoline was in its glory, and every week an article by Alphonse Karr, called 'Les Guêpes,' appeared in the *Siècle*, running down the fashion, and saying how hideous women made themselves. On one memorable occasion, he said there was not one beautiful woman to be found who did not spoil her beauty by wearing the crinoline. On reading this, I set to work to inform him that I was young and beautiful, yet never had, and never would, wear that vile invention of the *modistes*."

"And how was it that, at a time when women were the slaves of fashion to an even greater extent than now, you did not follow with the others?"

"My early training accounts for it. My father, Dr. Lambert, was a Materialist, and brought me up in pagan ideas. From these I drew my taste for everything Greek in art and drapery. Shortly after sending my reply to the *Siècle*, I saw it had been inserted, and so, quite unconsciously, Alphonse Karr became my literary godfather."

"Now, as to your first book, Madame?"

"That was written when I was about twenty-one, and was a protest against the attack made by Proudhon on 'George Sand' and 'Daniel Stern,'



MADAME ADAM.

Photo by V. Danesiari, Rome.

in his book, 'La Justice dans le Livre.' These two women had for years been my ideal of all that was noble and great; so, full of righteous indignation, I set to work to refute the charges brought against them. When I had completed my self-appointed task, I came to Paris and called upon eight publishers, but found no one willing to take the first essay of so youthful a beginner. At last I unearthed a would-be publisher, and proposed that his first venture should be mine. When it appeared, I took it myself to several booksellers, and then fled back to my little provincial town. I sent copies to Madame Dudevant and the Comtesse d'Agoult, who were charmed with it, and, in reply, wrote to me thus: 'SIR,—You have chosen to disguise yourself under the name

him. They had decided that I was to wed M. Lamessine, and, to arrange the match, they let him know—we were then engaged—that this idea had been strongly impressed upon me. He promptly acted upon their hint, and I no longer hesitated before the sacrifice. My first marriage was the beginning of years of terrible suffering, my one ray of sunshine being my passionate love for my child. At last I could stand the life no longer, and sued for a separation. I came to Paris, and lived with my father and mother. Will you be shocked when I tell you that I never was so happy as when I heard of my first husband's death? It was a day of rejoicing! Several years after, I married again. Men have been the trial of my existence, and the sincere ones the most troublesome."



BYZANTINE BEAUTIES.

of a woman, when we women have chosen the names of men.' You can fancy how flattered I was on receipt of that! Soon after, I had my first interview with 'George Sand,' an account of which was published in the *Figaro*."

"And after that, I suppose, you definitely devoted yourself to a literary life?"

"Yes, after that, though scarcely because of that. I took to writing in the first instance because I was so desperately unhappy in my married life. There, it must out. I wanted to forget my sorrows and to occupy my mind."

"But, if I may ask the question without indiscretion, how did you come to marry a man so unsuited to you?"

"I never wished to marry him, but I was very young—a mere child—and very inexperienced. My parents had always told me that if a man kissed me on the lips I should be dishonoured if I did not marry

"And the war, Madame? What is your opinion on that?"

"Ah! the loss of Alsace-Lorraine was one of the great griefs of my life. I look on their seizure as a crime on the part of the Germans."

"No interview with a woman is nowadays complete, Madame," said I, "without some reference to the position of women in general. What do you think of it?"

"During my lifetime—I am now fifty-seven—I have seen a wonderful change in public opinion as regards our sex. The forward movement interests me deeply. Even here, in France, we feel the advance in woman's position, and an era of greater liberty is commencing; but, with our national prejudices and traditions, it will be slow and uphill work for the champions of higher education and greater freedom."

At this point one of the actors in the little theatre came to ask Madame Adam's opinion as to some detail of the new drama, and, thanking her for all the information she had given me, I took my leave.



THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HE: I'd like to see the father that would frighten me. Wait until I meet yours; I'll make him toe the mark.
SHE: Be careful where you place the mark.



DOUBTFUL.

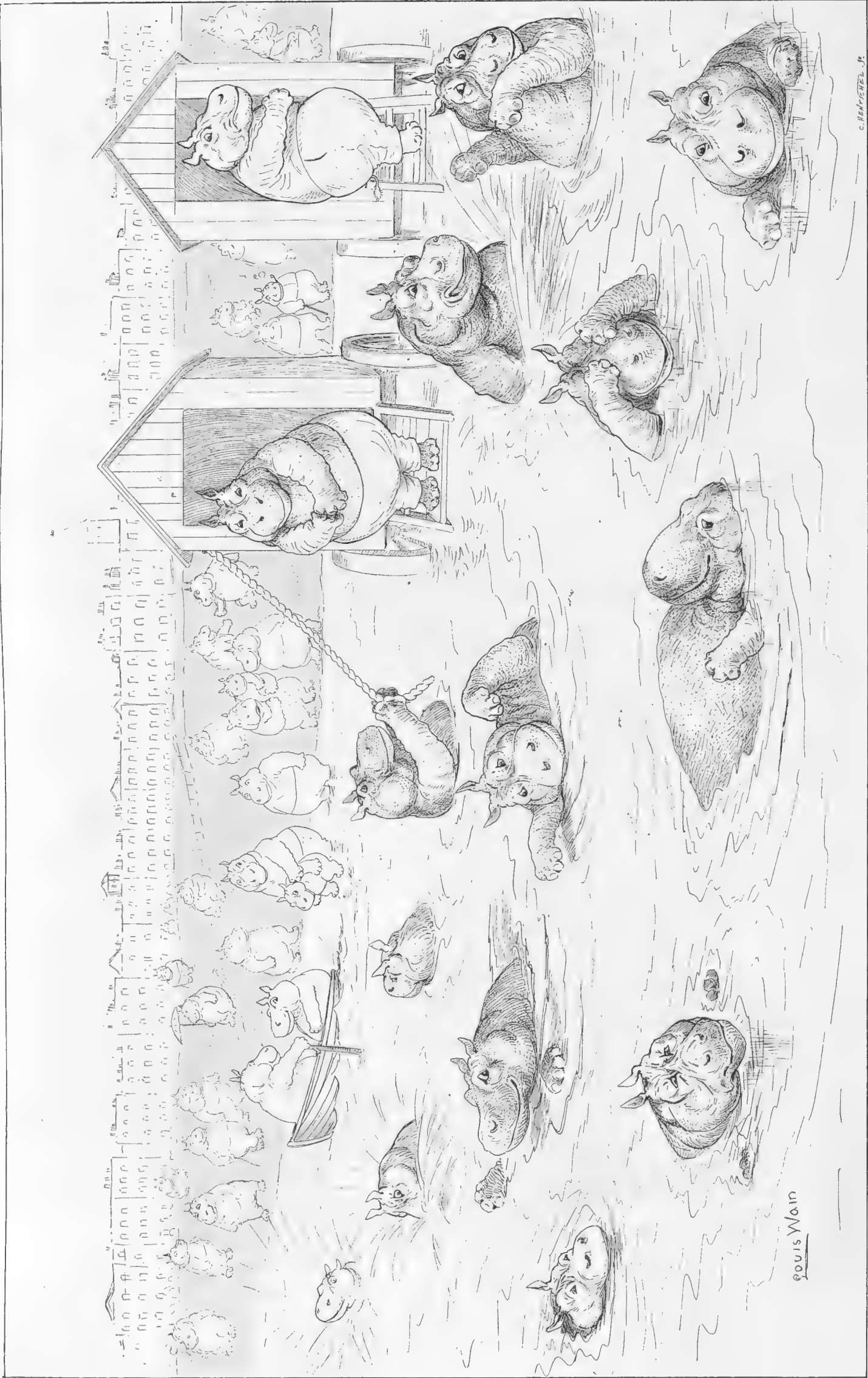
LADY CYCLIST: Have you seen a lady go by on a machine?

VILLAGER: Well, I did see a party go past just now on a bicycle; but whether it was a young lady or only one of you young fellows, I wouldn't hardly like to say.



TRIALS OF THE FLESH.

VOICE FROM ABOVE: Bill, you won't want all that ballast!



THEIR DAY AT THE SEASIDE.

A CHAT WITH A MILITARY INVENTOR.

"What! play-writing, Captain Woodgate?" I exclaimed, on entering the pleasant quarters of this smart young officer, late of the South Wales Borderers, and catching sight of a tell-tale brown-paper covered roll of type-written sheets which he threw down as he rose to greet me (writes a *Sketch* representative).



CAPTAIN WOODGATE.

Photo by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

"Yes, I'm afraid I must plead guilty. It is a three-act play," he replied, as he offered me his cigarette-case, "which I have evolved from a little skit I wrote when we were stationed at Cairo. It rather 'caught on'; indeed, people very kindly said it attracted a 'bumper' house. So I have been persuaded to develop it into a three-act comedy. There is this to be said for it, that one manager here would have accepted it at once had not a recent *cause célèbre* rendered him shy — though, as a matter of fact, the subject of my play has not the remotest relation to that case. However, to suit the hypersensitive, I am tinkering up the play

so as to take it a thousand miles away from any such idea."

"Is this your first attempt at turning the sword into the pen, Captain Woodgate?"

"No; I've perpetrated another play, and I have strong hopes of it. Besides, I've written several others, and for the best manager in the world for an ambitious playwright—the waste-paper basket," airily remarked my *vis-à-vis*, as he pulled at his fair moustache.

"And you are still suffering from the fever commonly known as the *cacoëthes scribendi*?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. I'm off almost directly to the frontier of Egypt. I shall there have leisure enough to spoil any amount of foolscap, I expect."

"You have liked soldiering, I suppose?"

"Oh, certainly! I cannot say that I particularly cared for sharing in the suppression of the Belfast Riots of 1886, when we were frequently thirty-six out of forty consecutive hours under arms in the streets. No, I was not in the regiment when the Isandula massacre took place."

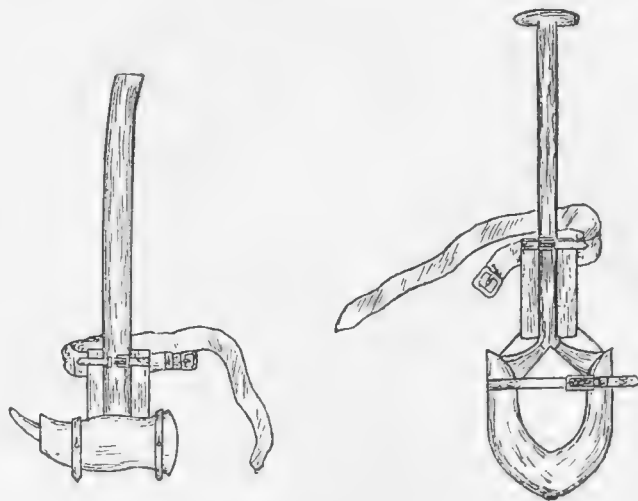
"Well, no, of course, I should have remembered that that episode was rather before your time. However, it suggests my asking you about your patented magazine-rifle, and how you came to invent it?"

"It was seeing the quick-firing gun which Maxim brought to such perfection, utilising the recoil as an automatic action in the discharge of the following shot, which turned my thoughts in the direction of designing an automatic magazine-rifle. My rifle is very similar to the

Mausser in the way of loading it. I employ two clips, or bundles, of five cartridges made up of 'rifleite,' a smokeless powder much less damaging to the rifling of a barrel than cordite. My rifle is capable of firing ten shots in three seconds. You can easily calculate, then, what the fire of a regiment armed with this weapon would mean. My automatic rifle has been taken up by a syndicate, and finishing touches of improvement are now being given to it. It is at present under trial by the French and Italian Governments."

"Could the same principle be applied to the revolver?"

"Oh, certainly. I have already so applied it, only I should prefer to use the term 'repeater' instead of revolver. In this pistol, the well-



THE WOODGATE INTRENCHING TOOLS.

known drawback to all revolvers, namely, the escape of gas between the chamber and barrel, is obviated. The weapon is constructed so as to hold ten cartridges, with one in the chamber."

"Did you not also invent some intrenching tools?" I asked, lighting up another cigarette.

"Yes, and the pattern was purchased by the Government, and adopted by the service in 1892. No, I made nothing from the transaction—quite the other way, as I was paid £100 less than I had expended in perfecting the tools. However, I had the satisfaction of knowing that they superseded the Wallace pattern. Mine consisted of distinct

tools—a spade and a pickaxe, carried handle upwards — as against the Wallace, which was a combination of spade and grubber, and not much better than a toy. I was four years bringing mine to perfection."

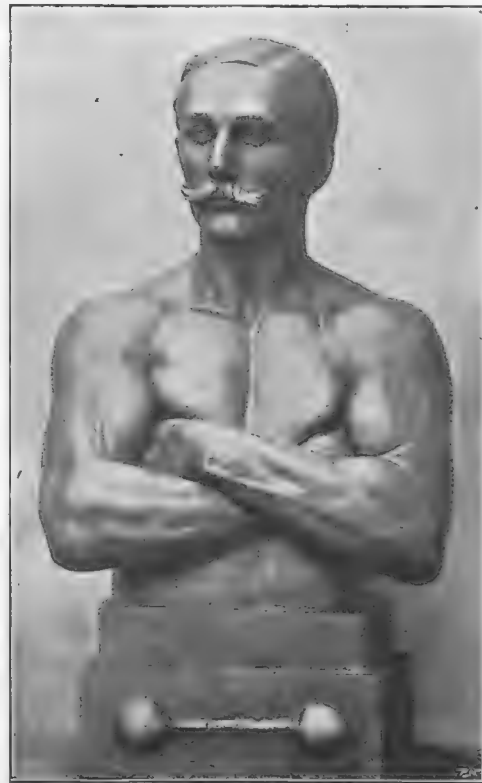
"I am told that many of our Volunteer regiments use your patented equipment?"

"Quite right, and it might have been adopted by the Regulars, only there was no competition; besides, my pattern was sent in too late—indeed, the Slade equipment had already been practically selected. However, I don't think that equipment is as popular as the Glenny-Woodgate — at any rate, I know that the authorities found that in many Volunteer regiments the men refused to come to parade rather than wear the Slade, and one Volunteer regiment paid as much as three shillings

a-head to have that pattern converted to mine. The truth was, that science had been sacrificed to appearance, the men complaining that the Slade dragged the belt distressingly inwards and upwards."

"Into what other paths of science have you wandered?"

"I suppose you want to draw me out respecting my electric signalling light. Well, I venture to say, it is the lightest in weight, and the most powerful for its size, in the world. It is a cube of about six inches, and weighs only a few pounds. By means of powerful magnifying-glasses, its eight-candle-power light can be seen twenty miles away. It would be especially useful in India, where limelight is impracticable through the climate disintegrating the lime-pencils. However, the Government



BUST OF CAPTAIN WOODGATE.—PERCY WOOD.

Photo by J. Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.



CAPTAIN WOODGATE SUPPORTING FIVE MEN.

would not take it on. At first, they said the acids employed in the battery would not do in a liquid state, so we solidified them. Then they said there must be no acids at all! Indeed, the inventor finds it very heart-breaking work to do anything for Government; and, as to its being very ruinous to the pocket, there is not the slightest doubt."



THE WOODGATE AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

"Now, before I go, I want you to tell me about your weight-lifting. How did you manage to acquire the strength I have heard you possess?"

"Oh, well, I don't know, unless it was that I went through the six-months' gymnastic course at Aldershot, and, from '91 to '93, was Superintendent of Gymnasia at Woolwich. While there, I adopted the 'Sandow system' of using light (5 lb.) dumb-bells, which practice, I have found, develops the muscles marvellously, enabling one to tackle tremendous weights. Here's a photo for you of my bust, executed by my friend, the well-known sculptor, Percy Wood, of Queen Anne Street. The upper arm is 15 in. in circumference, and the deltoid 19 $\frac{3}{4}$ in."

"I should think you must have possessed the finest physique of any amateur?"

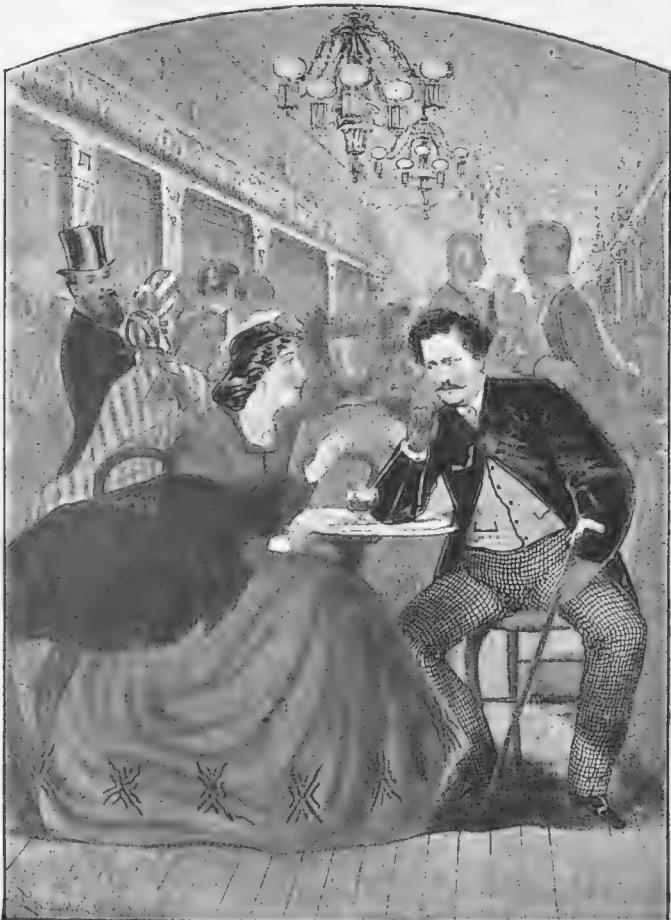
"Yes, as far as the deltoid muscles are concerned. But there are, I think, two other amateurs who can raise the same weight that I could—viz., 170 lb.—from the floor to arm's length over the head. Perhaps my best feat was supporting on my shoulders five men on a bar, the gross weight being 800 lb. Another effort of strength was cutting a bar of lead, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, in two; and turning a somersault with a 10 lb. dumb-bell in each hand represented agility and strength combined. But I have given all that up now, and want to go in for curtain-lifting instead."

THE LAST OF THE ARGYLL ROOMS.

The Trocadero Music-Hall, recently sold, and now in the hands of the builders, who are engaged in transforming it into a restaurant, has, in its day, passed through a by no means uneventful, if not very brilliant, series of changes. Probably no place of public entertainment in London which has acquired unenviable notoriety is better known or more generally remembered than the old Argyll Rooms, as the place was called during the first half of its history.

The fact that there have been during the present century two distinct establishments devoted to musical entertainments and dancing, both bearing the description of Argyll Rooms, has, however, given rise to some amount of confusion as to localities and dates.

The earlier of the two institutions, situated near Oxford Circus, was originally a large house which was purchased by Colonel Greville, of

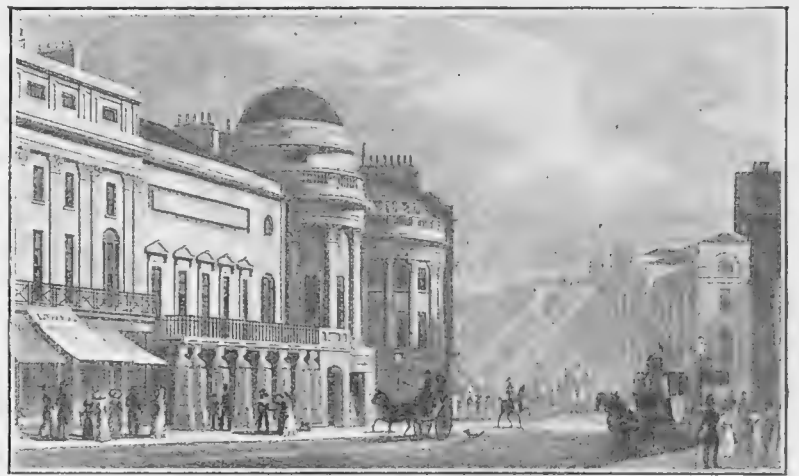


THE ARGYLL ROOMS IN 1863.

sporting fame, and converted into a place of public entertainment, where balls, concerts, masquerades, and amateur theatricals were given. These rooms, rebuilt in 1818 by John Nash, contained a splendid suite of apartments specially adapted for the purposes indicated, and here some of the more important of the early concerts of the Philharmonic Society took place, Spohr, Weber, Mendelssohn, and other eminent musicians appearing to conduct the performance of their own works.

M. Chabert, "the Fire-King," as he was called, here exhibited, early in 1830, some of his pretended fire-eating and poison-swallowing feats, and shortly afterwards—on Feb. 5—the place was burnt down. Fortunately, the musical library was saved. The premises, which extended from Regent Street to Little Argyll Street, were afterwards rebuilt upon a less pretentious scale, and are now occupied by the mantle-warehouses of Mr. Duncan Smith.

The Argyll Rooms in Great Windmill Street were opened on Oct. 18, 1849, as assembly-rooms, and from that time until the licence was forfeited, somewhat more than twenty years ago, they were frequented by classes of individuals who brought the place into disrepute. The long, narrow apartment, with its gilded decorations tarnished by gas-jets and tobacco-smoke, was for many years a familiar scene to the gay world



THE ARGYLL ROOMS IN 1828.

of London. Indiscriminate dancing was one of the chief attractions, the "caneen" and other varieties giving rise to great scandal.

The last night the rooms were open to the public the lime-light dance took place. A scene of violent rowdyism followed, and the differences were settled by a sort of free fight outside the building, in Great Windmill Street.

After being closed for some time, the place was enlarged, beautified by means of additional tinsel and gilt, and opened as the Trocadero Music Hall. Its subsequent history is too well known to require recital, and it is pretty certain it has now seen its last day as a place of public entertainment.

THE POETS IN BOOKLAND.

A LITTLE BOOK.

I picked it out among the lot
Of scattered books upon the stand;
Half-worn, untresured and forgot—
Something impelled, I knew not what,
As I their dusty titles scanned,
To pick it out among the lot
Of books for sale at second-hand.

"Love Poems" was the only word
In faded gilt upon the cover;
The same sweet songs our mothers read
Of skies and flowers and lilting bird—
It was a nice discover
To read the lyrics that had stirred
A real old-fashioned lover.

"Old-fashioned!"—that had slipped the pen;
Forgive the word I've written.
Lovers to-day are much as then;
Maidens are maidens, men are men;
And girls' hearts will be smitten
While love shall last; and, again,
Why—lovers get the mitten.

Whose was the book? No name appears
Upon the stained fly-leaf.
Here is a mark, there stains of tears,
And here a corner turned "dog-eared"—
That is all; a little sheaf
Of lovers' verse of other years,
Like seaweed on the counter's reef.

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON (in *Puck*).

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LUCY: A SKETCH.

BY H. T. FARRANT.

A wide, low-raftered kitchen, lit only by the dancing light from the big logs burning on the hearth. In the far corner, behind the high-backed "settle," a tall clock ticked solemnly in the deep-brown shadow. Elsewhere was plenty of warm, ruddy light, making a broad path on the smooth stone floor, twinkling on the small, square panes of the long, high window, and shining on the polished tins and glistening ware ranged on the huge oak dresser.

The settle was drawn up to the left of the chimney-corner. In front was a very marvel of a table—dark oak, with a multitude of legs and flaps, that slid in and out and transformed the surface from round to oblong, half-circle, or square. On the right, and facing the settle, against the wall, was a row of chairs, each with a style of its own, reflecting, in a self-respecting manner, the saucy gleams of light from their well-polished sides.

In front of these "company" chairs, and nearer the fire, was a low, rush-bottomed, unpainted one, and on it sat Lucy—ostensibly a general servant, in reality the queen and mistress of this comfortable domain.

Lucy's best friends—and she had many—had never called her pretty. She was generally spoken of—in tones of honest admiration—as a plain, hard-working, sensible girl, and even then "plain" always came first. She was twenty-six, with a big, ungraceful figure, a red face, a wide mouth, honest eyes, and light-brown hair, brushed severely back, and wound into a knot.

An unattractive picture? Wait. She had a sweet, even temper, was slow of speech, and prone to silence, never argued, and never answered back! She'd a loving heart, too, and, as she sat and carefully darned a coarse blue worsted stocking, her face lit up with an expression that rendered it quite comely.

The big door, back in the dim corner, creaked on its ponderous hinges, and entered Jim, a tall, loose-limbed fellow of twenty-two, pleasant faced and good-tempered, the owner of the stocking, and Lucy's sweet-heart.

To this day they couldn't quite tell you how this state of affairs came about. Jim was "indoor man" at the farm. He minded the dairy, did the rough work of the house, and lived there, sharing the kitchen with Lucy when his work was done. Lucy looked after him generally. She mended his stockings, made his shirts, brushed his best clothes, and always saved him the biggest rasher of bacon for breakfast.

Before this, Jim had lived at home with an old father and a step-mother, and he found the change so pleasant that it gradually dawned on his slow brain that it would be a good thing if he always had Lucy to look after him.

On Sundays they walked out together, and one day one of Jim's mates said, "Thee 'rt a deep 'un, Jim. Nobody'd never 'a thought et ta look at 'ee."

"What 's the madder neow?" says Jim.

"Got tha rhight zide a' Lucy, ha'n't ee?"

Jim laughed—a wide and silent laugh—and went on with his chaff-cutting; but that remark convinced him that he was courting Lucy.

Some little time after, old Grace Mounter, who lived in a tiny brown cottage across the orchard, came into the kitchen to borrow some blue. While Lucy was fishing it out of a big cupboard, Grace said—

"Zo 'ee 've a-vound thee crookid stick ta laast, than, Lucy?"

"W'at be dravin' at?" said Lucy, bringing her head out of the deep recess.

"Law! do 'ee hark to her!" said Grace, turning to an imaginary audience. "Her dunno w'at I bee dravin' at? Wull, I'll tull 'ee. You bean't no beauty, Lucy, nur never was, nur never gwain' ta bee; but 'er bee a main tidy zart ov a maaid, en I do zim 'ee eud 'a picked up zombody a bit better 'n thick long-laigged, lollopin', addle-headed Jim Budge! Ther' idden nawthin' et aal in en, as I kin zee. 'A got nawthin' ta zay ver 'sell, en 'a da ait 'nough ver two!"

Then Lucy's brick-red cheeks got a shade brighter, and she said with dignity, "Yer's yer blue, Graace, en, if you ha'n't got nothin' better ta zay, you mid za well 'tackle auf' and git on wi' yer warshin'." But, after Grace was gone, Lucy pondered, and now both she and Jim knew that they were keeping company.

All the day long they were too busy to think much about one another; but, in the evening, Jim sat on the settle and enjoyed his supper and the warmth, and, if he had anything to say, said it, while Lucy knitted or darned or mended, enjoying Jim's pleasure, and both had been happy.

On this particular evening, Jim's "Wull, Lucy!" was uttered in a tone so different that Lucy, instead of placidly answering, "Wull, Jim!" looked up. "You don't zim za tar'ble spry," she said. "Want yer zupper, I 'low," and she set the table at once and turned out some steaming stew that had been simmering in a pot beside the logs. Instead of at once "falling to," Jim pushed the plate away, rested his elbows on the table, and stared mournfully at Lucy. She stared back, and, with real concern, said, "Zomthin' do ail 'ee if 'ee kin bide en sniff that there en not want ta eat et—w'atevver es et?"

Jim heaved a deep and hungry sigh, and said solemnly, "Lucy, tiv got ta be aal auver!"

Lucy didn't waste any time asking what was to be all over, but said sharply, "Who zed zo?"

"Muther," said Jim despondingly. "Hur bin raavin' awhoy et I aawful—zed I got aal I kin do ta kip vather 'thout thinkin' bout kippin' ennybody else, en how we wa'n't vit ver one t'other, en—en— Oh, hur jawed awhoy tull I com alaang," he wound up, with a gloomy look at his boots. Then he stole an apprehensive look at Lucy and a wistful one at the stew.

Lucy stood straight and firm, with tightened lips, for a moment, then she said, "Look sharp en eat up that there while tes hot. I be gwain straight up ta Jane Budge's ta yer the rights o' 't," and she took her sun-bonnet from the nail behind the door and went swiftly out.

A few minutes brought her to Jim's home. At the door her courage failed her, and, instead of lifting the latch, she rapped softly with her knuckles.

Immediately Jane's shrill voice sang out, "Don 'ee bide ther' hammer-knackin'. Com' een, can't 'ee?" Lucy entered.

"Oh, tes you, is et, Lucy?" she said lamely.

"Ees, Jane Budge, tes I, and I've a-com ta know w'at you've a-got ta zey 'bout Jim en I?"

Jane fidgetted around, snuffed the candle, and then said, "Wull, ther' neow, Lucy, I don't want ta make no bad blood between es, but I mid za wull tull 'ee w'at I da think—Jim got ta kip 'es rather (for 'ee 'll never do no more, en I can't kip 'en), en 'ee got no call ta be thinkin' 'bout zettlin' down yit awhoile, en I don't b'lieve a 'ood nayther, ev you didn' lead 'en on," she said, waxing spiteful. "You da mind en za wull thet 'ee da think 'ee'd like ta kip et up; bit I kin tell 'ee 'tes onny that 'ee's za tooked up wi', ver you be older 'n 'ee, en thet plaain 'ee 'oodn' vind another ta match 'ee tull 'ee looked in a bucket a' water. En Jim 've got a eye ver a purty feace, I kin tull 'ee," she continued, "en, iv 'ee'd let en go, 'ee'd purty quick zee et, too. There's Suze Duck, now, her ver aal ver Jim, one time, en' jes' the zaart a maaid ver en; y'ung, too, en eud hide tull 'ee was ready, en'—"

"Did Jim zay 'bout Suze Duck," said Lucy, with pale lips, "er es et your lies?"

"Well, 'ee didn' azackly zay they there words, bit w'at I zed 'ee didn' say 'No' to."

Now this artful woman knew that, though Jim really was smitten with Susan's charms, she was far too smart and pretty to care seriously for the slow, simple fellow, and, if Lucy were once got rid of, Jim's wages would be safe for some time to come.

Only the ticking of the clock and the snapping of the wood fire broke the stillness as Lucy stood silent, her sun-bonnet shading her face. Presently, she said deliberately, "Jane, iv 'tes es you zay, Jim's free ver aal I, en zo good-night to 'ee," and she turned and went out, and shut the door.

But, alas! alas! 'twas a different Lucy that went down the narrow box-bordered path. She saw it all. It wasn't Jim's old father, but Suze Duck that stood in her way; and as she thought of Sue's pretty hair and blue eyes, she didn't feel so angry with Jim as she had a moment before. As she walked down the lane in the soft darkness, under the stars, she felt in a dim way that something was gone out of her life—she wanted to be ugly now, and she'd a notion she'd always wear drab frocks and take the red out of her bonnet, and it didn't matter if it rained for ever.

She saw that her pet calves were fastened up for the night as usual, then came in, hung up her sun-bonnet, and went and sat down in the rush-bottomed chair. Jim had finished his supper, and was scraping the mud off his boots with a flat bit of wood, making a neat little heap on the floor in front of him. He opened his mouth to speak, but, on looking at Lucy's face, said nothing, and left it open.

Presently, Lucy said, quite gently, "I've got the rights o' 't, Jim, en zhall be es you zay—all over," and, reaching a tall tin candlestick off the mantel-shelf, she lit the candle at the blazing logs, and, opening a small door near the window, disappeared up the narrow stairs.

Jim finished his boots, and, taking a little brush from the corner, carefully swept the dirt into the hearth. Then he leaned back against the settle, put his hands in his pockets, and stared into the fire, thinking hard.

He was glad and sorry and puzzled. He thought first of Suze Duck's pretty face and witching ways (and it was a bad sign that he thought of her first), then of Lucy and her goodness to him always, and how her face had looked when she came in—"Ver aal the world 'zif zhe'd a-burried zombody"—of his stepmother, and her interfering ways and sharp tongue, and then of how "diff'rent wimmin volke was," and how things always "zim ta goo contrary." "Lucy, now. Her cood'n' nag nobody iv her wer' ta try ever zo, and Suze Duck got the makin's o' a reg'ler nagger in 'er a'ready, en yet—" And, getting more hopelessly puzzled than ever, he only came to one conclusion, and that was—if he didn't go to bed, he'd be late for milking in the morning.

It very soon became known that Jim had thrown Lucy over, and great was the indignation. Jim's master told him to take himself off as soon as he could find something else to do, and his mates made some very candid remarks about his conduct, such as—

"Gie thee grace ta be 'shamed o' theesel', ver I bin 'shamed vor thee laang 'nough."

"Jim, thee 'rt a bigger vool than thee 'st look, en that 's zayin' aal."

As for old Grace, when she met him she said, "Iv't wadden thet I 'oodn' touch 'ee wi' a pair a' taangs, I cud clout tha yers a' thee, Jim Budge. 'Tidden thet Lucy 've a lawst ennything; tes a good reddence ta baad rubbige, bet 'tes tha impendence o' 'ee a-drowin' her auver wen 'ee wadden vit ta clean 'er zhoos. Ther's wun thing da plaize I main wull ta think o', en thet iz, if zo be Suze Duck ivver do ha' 'ee, her 'll paay 'ee cout dubble en tribble, me man!"

Only Lucy treated him just the same, and had no word of reproach for him, and what brought a lump into his throat and made him feel pitifully sorry for himself was that she still saved him the biggest piece of bacon and the largest share of the fried potatoes. Jim left, and there was little change in Lucy, only she never appeared now in bright colours. To those who knew her this meant much. She had been wont to revel in colour; it was her one way of expressing the brightness and gladness she felt.

So much sympathy had Lucy that she had more invitations to tea on Sundays than she knew what to do with; among them one from Mary Marks, who had an only son Robert, a smart, prosperous little man, with a good conceit of himself. He walked home with Lucy, and on his way back mentally resolved that he'd visit that kitchen, and soon he did, regularly.

Robert "knew Lucy wasn't much to look at," he said, but he "didn't take much 'count o' looks, and if he did, he spose he'd got 'nough to go round."

What he admired about Lucy was, "she cud hold her tongue, and do as she was told; jest suited him, for he'd made up his mind years ago that a contentious woman and a smoky chimney were two things he'd never put up with."

On being warned that perhaps Lucy hadn't got over her fondness for Jim, he wagged his head, slapped his chest, and said, with a broad smile, "When Lucy can have me, if she 've still got a hankering for Jim Budge, I pity her taste!"

Time had gone by, and harvest was done, when, over a cup of tea, Lucy told Grace that Robert had asked her to marry him, but she didn't think she could. "W'at!" cried Grace, "got tha chance ta be 'Missus Marks,' en' dunno ev 'ee 'ool er no!" Then, putting down her cup, and peering anxiously into Lucy's face for signs of imbecility, she said gravely, "Lucy, 'ee bean't a nat'ral, be 'ee?"

Meanwhile, Jim had got work on another farm, and might often be seen walking with Suze in the lanes, or hanging over her garden-gate. One evening, as he sauntered towards her cottage, he saw two people come out of the gate and down the lane towards him. 'Twas Sue and a stranger. She tossed him a pert "Ev'nin', Jim," as they came up, and said, "This is Mr. Edwards. Don't 'ee mind en? He 've bin ta 'Merica, en onny cum' back ta-day; him and I were old vriends bevore 'ee went away." "Yes," said Mr. Edwards, "and, when I goes again, Sue goes too," and they laughed, and said "Good night," and strolled on.

Jim stood dazed for a moment, and then his first thought was that now he knew how Lucy felt that evening when he said it must be "all over."

Next morning, as Lucy was washing the breakfast-things, with the door wide open, she saw Grace running across the orchard. "Zom'thin's up," said Lucy to herself, and she stepped to the door just as Grace arrived. She brushed past Lucy, and dropped, panting, into the first chair. "W'y, Grace, w'at da ail 'ee? W'at's up?"

"Nawthing," said Grace; "tes zummat deown. Haugh! haugh! Thick young Suze Duck 'ev a-sar'd 'Lantern Jaws' jes' the zeam es 'ee sar'd thee!"

"W'at do 'ee tull?" says Lucy, resting both hands on the tubful of cups and saucers.

"Oh, 'tes true 'nough!" says Grace. "Her had 'nother man aal tha toime, and now 'e's a com'd whoam, and Measter Jim, 'tween 'es two stools, 'ev' a com' ta greound! Oh! da tickle I amazin'," and she cackled with laughter. "The minnit I yerd o't I vloed acrauss ta tull 'ee. I sh'd 'a loved ta had a wurd wi' en," she added regretfully, "bit 'ee 've a 'cut sticks,' en wur auf rust thing s'marning. 'Ee 've a tooked the traain, zo 'tes a goodish bit awaay; bit there, tidden much odds wer' to," and the wicked old woman rocked to and fro in her glee.

Lucy went on soberly with her dish-washing, much to Grace's disappointment, who said, "Why, Lucy, 'ee beant haaf a maaid—I look'd ta zee thee do a jig aal rhound the kitchen!"

"You know'd I shudn' do nothing o' tha zart—now, Grace!" said Lucy, severely. "'Tis small pleasure ta I ta yer a' Jim's trouble, though I da know you da mean well ta I, Grace," she said, softening, and setting before her a cup of cider. Grace drank it, and started off to impart her choicé bit of news to others.

Winter has come again, and the logs blaze and crackle merrily once more. Lucy still keeps to her corner and the rush-bottomed chair, while Jim's corner in the settle belongs to Walter, the new indoor man, a thick-set, sturdy fellow, who spends most of his evenings at a night-school, and, when he is in, devotes himself to his books. Robert has ceased coming, telling his friends, not that Lucy had said "No" to him, but that he thought he could look a notch higher!

One night, when the stars were twinkling brightly, and there were signs of a sharp frost, Grace took a pail and went out to get some water in case the pump should be frozen in the morning. There was a rustling in the bushes near, and then a voice said—

"Let I carry that there ver 'ee, Graace."

"Whattiver!" said Grace, peering at the figure. "Why, iv tid'n' 'Long Jib' com' back! Thee'st gied I a turn. I thought 'twer' Woll Crumple."

Jim took the pail and followed Grace into the cottage.

"'Ee kin zet deoun neow 'ee be yer," she said ungraciously, yet secretly delighted at the chance of having a "gird" at him.

"W'at be back ver? Bean't cum' coorting I, be 'ee? I sh'd think thee 'st had 'nough a' that ver wun whoile. How did 'ee like et w'en 'ee was drow'd auver? 'Tes a purty ploy 'drowin' auver,' idden et? Suze Duck da know the daps o' 't, don' 'er? I da yer tull as how 'er's gwain ta be—"

"I doan want ta yer nuthing 'bout Suze," said Jim, roused at last. "I be cured a' thet, tho' I wer' vool 'nough 'bout 'er wun toime."

Then, after a pause, "How's Lucy?"

Grace winks the eye farthest from Jim to her invisible friends, but says coolly "Lucy? Oh her's sa gay's a dummle-door, es wull 'er mid' be," and she threw on sticks to make a blaze the better to see Jim's face.

"Is et enny good gwain' up, Grace?" he said anxiously, nodding his head towards the farm.

More vigorous winks to the invisibles, and then slowly, "Oh, I sh'd goo up, sartin. Lucy mid' give 'ee a nod, 'en 'er midden, but 'er haaid's most turned wi' aal that be arter 'er! Not 'scauf' nother, bit the p'ek a' tha place—Mr. Marks, en Walter, en Tom Harvey, en—oh, a woll pack o' 'em," said this mendacious old party.

Then, thinking she'd gone far enough, and seeing that Jim looked utterly broken down, she said in quite a kindly tone, "Look 'ee yer, me lad, do as I tull 'ee. Goo auver thease minnit en waak straight een."

Lucy was doing nothing, a most unusual thing for her, but in turning over her work-basket, she came upon a piece of coarse blue yarn. 'Twas what she had got to mend Jim's stockings, and it set her thinking of the old times when he sat opposite, and—

She felt the cold air coming in, and looking up, saw, standing at the end of the settle, looking thinner, older, and wiser—Jim! "Kin 'ee vergive me, Lucy?" he said simply, and Lucy only said, "Zet down, Jim," and pointed to his old corner, but her eyes told him that he was taken back.

Not far from Grace's cottage stands another, half covered with a lawless climbing rose, laden with pink blossoms. The garden is ablaze with colour, and up the path comes Jim, a stalwart, bearded fellow now. He stoops and lifts to his shoulder a tiny toddler who has run to meet him, with fair hair and Lucy's honest eyes. He carries her into the cottage, where there is a settle and a rush-bottomed chair, and a table with flaps, on which Lucy, in a red frock and a pink apron, is setting the tea.

AN OLD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

There was an appropriateness in Mr. Bayard's presenting the prizes at the Grammar School of Boston, Lincolnshire. It reminded him that Boston of Old England was the mother and the name-giver of the younger and stronger Boston far away across the sea; and between the two Bostons there was running a current of feeling not noisy, not violent, not sensational, but quiet, strong, and true. The old and the new Boston had both been nourished upon the same diet of religion, of morals, and of literature. The Bible that their forefathers read, and which they read, was the same Bible that was read in the new Boston



of America. The school was founded in 1554, the building shown in the illustration having been built in 1567, and its four walls are the same as they were in the days when, doubtless, many of the founders of New England were taught there. The Grammar School playground is the old Mart Yard, and the great annual fair or mart was for a long period held there. The Mart is still proclaimed there by the Mayor and Corporation on Dec. 11 every year. Over the entrance of the school is a Latin inscription, of which this is the translation—

1567.—In the ninth year of Queen Elizabeth, the Mayor and Burgesses of Boston unanimously built this School, for the instruction of boys in piety and letters, William Ganocke, Woolstapler, being then Mayor.

THE HASTINGS CHESS TOURNAMENT.

The International Tournament now in progress at Hastings is indisputably the most important chess competition which has taken place among the leading players of the world since the memorable London Chess Tournament of 1883, when the first and second prizes were won by the late Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Steinitz, respectively, and the list of famous masters included also the names of Blackburne, Bird, Englisch, Mackenzie, Mason, Rosenthal, Tchigorin, and Winawer, in addition to other lesser lights of the chequered board. Of the competitors in the great contest of twelve years ago, the names of five celebrated experts are included in the present Hastings Tournament, and, with all deference to the wise admonition of Josh Billings, never to prophesy "unless you know," it is tolerably safe to predict that among the prize-winners of the tournament of 1895 will be found a goodly proportion of these five gentlemen.

The total number of players in 1883 was fourteen; in 1895 it is twenty-two, selected from thirty-eight applicants for admission. Eight champions appear for England—Bird, Blackburne, Burn, Gunsberg,

never yet been equalled by any other player of chess, living or dead. Mr. Steinitz has acquired, by many years of patient and laborious research, the skill which was Morphy's by intuition, and which enabled the latter to vanquish the finest players in the world, before he reached the age of twenty-five. Mr. Steinitz has recently fixed his abode in the United States, but he was long a resident of London, and, apart from his exceptional skill as a player, holds a leading position as a chess analyst and editor. It should be added that his match with Lasker, in the spring of 1894, was undertaken at a time when Mr. Steinitz was in very indifferent health, and the result was not surprising to those who knew the circumstances under which that memorable series of games was played. In the present tournament, Mr. Steinitz has not yet been pitted against his formidable young adversary, and the meeting between the two great players will undoubtedly be regarded as an event of the first importance, and probably the precursor of a return match, under physical conditions less unfavourable to Mr. Steinitz, who is now in the enjoyment of much-improved health. Mr. Steinitz is in his sixtieth year, having been born at Prague, in May, 1836.

Mr. H. E. Bird is the *doyen* of the Hastings Tournament, having passed his sixty-fifth year. He has been a chess-player for more than

A. H. Hall (Treasurer). D. Janowski. H. N. Pillsbury. E. Schiffers. I. Gunsberg. N. W. Van Lennep (Reserve). T. H. Cole (Chairman).
J. H. Blackburne. R. Teichmann. H. E. Dobell (Hon. Sec.).



A Walbrodt. B. Vergani. A. Albin. J. Mieses. Dr. Tarrasch. W. Steinitz. H. E. Bird. G. Marco. M. Tchigorin.
J. Watney (President).

THE PLAYERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. BRADSHAW, HASTINGS.

Lasker, Mason, Tinsley, and Teichmann. Of these Englishmen, however, two are Germans and one Hungarian. The Fatherland, undismayed by the desertion of her recreant children, sends four strong representatives to combat on behalf of Germany—Bardeleben, Mieses, Tarrasch, and Walbrodt. Austria supplies Marco and Schlechter. The champions of the United States are Albin, Pillsbury, and Steinitz, only one of whom is an American. Russia sends Tchigorin and Schiffers. France sends Janowski, a Pole; Canada sends Pollock, an Englishman; and the list is completed by Vergani, from Italy. Of this last-named gentleman, it may be at once said that he brings with him the reputation of being able to play many blindfold games concurrently, and that, up to the present moment, there is only a remote probability of his winning the first prize at Hastings. Nevertheless, Italy enjoys at least the privilege of being represented by an Italian who is doing his utmost to uphold his country's famous motto, *L'Italia farà da sé*.

Among all the celebrated chess-masters who lend *éclat* to the great tournament of 1895 by their participation in the contest, the most remarkable personality is unquestionably that of Wilhelm Steinitz, who held for many years the Chess Championship of the World. Until beaten in the match played last year with Lasker, in America, Mr. Steinitz had won all the numerous matches in which he had previously engaged during his long and brilliant career. The record of his achievements over the chess-board is only surpassed by that of Paul Morphy, the genius incarnate of chess, whose powers of subtle combination and unerring execution have

fifty years, and has occupied an acknowledged position in the chess world since 1851. He has probably played more brilliant games than any master now living, and, unlike many of the chess Achilles' of the day, who sulk in their tents when not called upon to fight for solid and substantial reasons, Bird is always ready and eager for the fray, even when the stake is only empty glory. As Paddy adores a shindy, so does Bird love chess, for the sole sake of the fun, and he is, among first-class "artists," that *rara avis*, a very quick player. In fact, so rapid and bewildering are his combinations and moves, that his opponents in off-hand games are frequently completely worsted before they have emerged from the carefully studied lines of defence laid down in the openings, which Bird throws into confusion and overwhelms with disaster by means denounced by the "German school" as "unsound," but very often victorious in the hands of Bird and a few other players of the present day, who obstinately refuse to regard chess as an abstruse science rather than an exhilarating and agreeable pastime.

Of Mr. J. H. Blackburne, who has long held a foremost position as an English chess champion, little need be said in this brief review of the competitors in the Hastings Tournament. Mr. Blackburne has won many prizes in preceding tournaments in various parts of the world, and, although it is hardly safe to predict for him an exceptionally high position in the final result of the present contest, he is nevertheless certain to offer a stubborn resistance to the best of the famous players he is destined to encounter in the course of the struggle. Mr. Blackburne

stands in the front rank of living blindfold players, and gives frequent proofs of his undiminished skill in this department of the game, playing simultaneously against six or eight amateur adversaries, and winning in a majority of instances.

Mr. Lasker, the conqueror of the redoubtable Steinitz, and present holder of the chess championship of the world, is a native of Germany, and is still a young man of about twenty-seven years. His record as a chess-player is brief and brilliant. In the double international tournament of 1891, at Breslau, he was first-prize winner in the minor contest, and also played with credit in a subsequent tournament at Amsterdam. Shortly afterwards he came to reside in England, and won a match against Bird. He was then engaged to give displays of chess-playing at the Earl's Court German Exhibition, and, later, won the first prize in the tournament of the British Chess Association. He also played a match with Blackburne, which Lasker won without the loss of a single game. In New York, he took part in a tournament of fourteen competitors, winning every one of his thirteen games, and then completed his American record by defeating Steinitz in the great match previously mentioned.

Dr. Tarrasch, one of the German competitors at Hastings, enjoys the distinction of having won the first prize in four successive international tournaments, in two of which he emerged without the loss of a single game. At the outset of the present contest he had the misfortune to forfeit his first game by the time-limit, and has also lost to Pillsbury. The latter is a young man, twenty-two years of age, the only native-born American engaged in the tournament. Pillsbury defeated Tarrasch by an extremely fine combination, and has since vanquished Steinitz. The consummate skill he has already manifested gives rise to the expectation that much more will be heard of him before the termination of the struggle. Of the other two American representatives (Steinitz and Albin), it may be stated that the latter is an Austrian player of talent and long experience, who has only recently fixed his residence in New York, and now comes to Hastings to do battle for his adopted country.

M. Tchigorin is among the most remarkable of the competitors. Although he is apparently an inferior match-player, having lost two matches with Steinitz and drawn against Tarrasch and Gunsberg, the Russian master is justly regarded as one of the most ingenious and imaginative of living chess-players. His success in winning several games at the beginning of the present tournament renders it probable that his name will be found among the leading prize-winners.

Mr. Gunsberg is well known to English chess amateurs. He is by birth a Hungarian, but has long resided in England. He won the international tournament held at Bradford, in 1888, against some of the best European players, but has had little practice since his match with Steinitz, played in America five years ago. Burn, of Liverpool, also a very fine player, and the winner of two international tournaments, has had few opportunities in recent years, having been engaged in business pursuits at Chicago, but he may be trusted to acquit himself creditably as one of the upholders of English chess.

Mr. Teichmann is a young player of conspicuous talent. He is a German, but makes his home in London. Mr. Mason is an Irish-American, a chess-player of high repute, and also a resident of London. The remaining participants—Mieses, Walbrodt, and Bardeleben, of Germany; Marco and Schlechter, of Vienna; Pollock, of Canada; Janowski, of Paris; and Schiffers, of St. Petersburg—are all players of European celebrity. Signor Vergani, of Italy (previously mentioned), and Mr. S. Tinsley, of London, complete the list of twenty-two competitors.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Those critics who sum up the St. Leger situation as a good thing for Raconteur cannot believe overmuch in book form. True there have been Dutch Oven surprises, but I, for one, should want to know what Raconteur was doing at Epsom if he were to win at Doncaster next month. On paper, the St. Leger looks to rest between Sir Visto and Whittier. At the same time, many will support the fillies Utica and Butterfly, both useful, though I cannot bring them within seven pounds of the Derby winner. Ante-post betting on the Doncaster race is likely to be a dead-letter, and I know of many bookmakers who will not strike a blow until the numbers have gone up. Indeed, layers do not care for ante-post books nowadays.

I am glad to hear that many clerks to Clerks of Courses experiment in handicapping with a view to the future. I know of one young clerk who, for his own education, frames the weights for all the big races and compares them with the official handicaps. He has a scrap-book filled with comparative notes, and it is surprising how close he gets to the actual weights carried by many of the handicap performers. True, the old hands, like Major Egerton, Mr. W. J. Ford, and Mr. R. P. Anson, keep such copious records that they are seldom caught napping, and I begin to think they learned their business by experimenting when they were youngsters. I commend the idea to all would-be handicappers.

From all I can gather, the cross-country season will be a good one, if the weather remains open. Captain Machell and other owners, perhaps Mr. McCalmont, will have several jumpers trained at Newmarket. E. Scott has his stable full at Lewes, while his near neighbour, Gatland, is well supplied. Swatton will have a busy month, and the Epsom trainers are all preparing for a good time. Mr. Willie Moore, at Weyhall, and Captain Bewicke, hard by, have some good cattle coming

on. If it were only possible to induce such owners as Baron Hirsch, Sir Blundell Maple, and Colonel North, to turn the attention of their third-rate sprinters to jumping, the sport under National Hunt Rules would flourish once more.

The tick-tack gentlemen who are such a nuisance at many race-meetings, I am told, get their information as to the change in the odds from some of the big bookmakers' clerks; but the signs given by the latter are so cleverly done that it is impossible to detect them. Fancy a man being able to give the odds against half-a-dozen horses by nibbling at the top of his pencil! Many people cannot make out how some jockeys know, after going out of the paddock, whether their horses have been backed or not; but they find out during the preliminary canter somehow.

Mr. Tom Jennings senior is one of the most representative of the Newmarket trainers. At his profession he has achieved wonders, as is known to all racegoers, and, although he is now getting on in years, he still takes the liveliest interest in the Sport of Kings. Mr. Jennings, in his early days, had a big Continental experience; as a consequence, many French horses that competed in England were entrusted to his charge after he settled down at Newmarket. Old Tom, as he is known



MR. T. JENNINGS, SEN.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.

to his friends, is a busy man in local affairs. He has interested himself in the providing a good water system at Newmarket. He also helped to found the Fire Brigade, the Swimming Baths, the Stablemen's Institute, and the Subscription Rooms. But the biggest achievement of a busy life was when he assisted in getting a Conservative returned for the Newmarket Division, as Old Tom has worked hard in the Tory interest for many years, and I believe he had almost abandoned hope when victory came. Mr. Jennings has a fund of good racing stories for his friends. Like Lord Russell of Killowen, he flies to the snuff-box at the least excuse. Mr. Jennings has imparted all the secrets of his craft to his son, Young Tom, who is an active, painstaking trainer, and can teach either horses or jockeys, as witness Butterfly and Bradford.

I certainly think the time has arrived when the Sandown Park executive should build a substantial stand in the place of the wooden structure that has been made to do duty up to now. The Sandown Company had a capital subscribed of nearly three hundred thousand pounds, which, in my opinion, was marvellous, and I fancy the shareholders would vote for substantial buildings, at any rate. Claremont and the Manor of Esher, and the owners, have an unfortunate history. The celebrated Lord Clive bought the house and grounds from the Duke of Newcastle, and he rebuilt the house and improved the estate, but did not live long to enjoy it. The estate was then sold to Lord Galway, who did not have possession of it for long. The whole estate of Claremont, with the Manor of Esher, was lost at the gaming-table in one sitting, and was won by Sir John Lade. Sir John, who was a great gambler, soon after had to sell it, and the mansion and park of Claremont was knocked down by Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, for the sum of 18,000 guineas. The Manor of Esher, with all the dependencies, was sold to Mr. Dawes, M.P. for Hastings, for 10,000 guineas, and he sold it by private contract to Lord Delaval, who gave it to his son-in-law, the Earl of Tyrconnel. Claremont was afterwards bought for Prince Leopold and the Princess Charlotte, on their marriage, as a residence, and the Princess died there, and the mansion was afterwards the residence of the late Duke of Albany, and is now in the possession of his Duchess,

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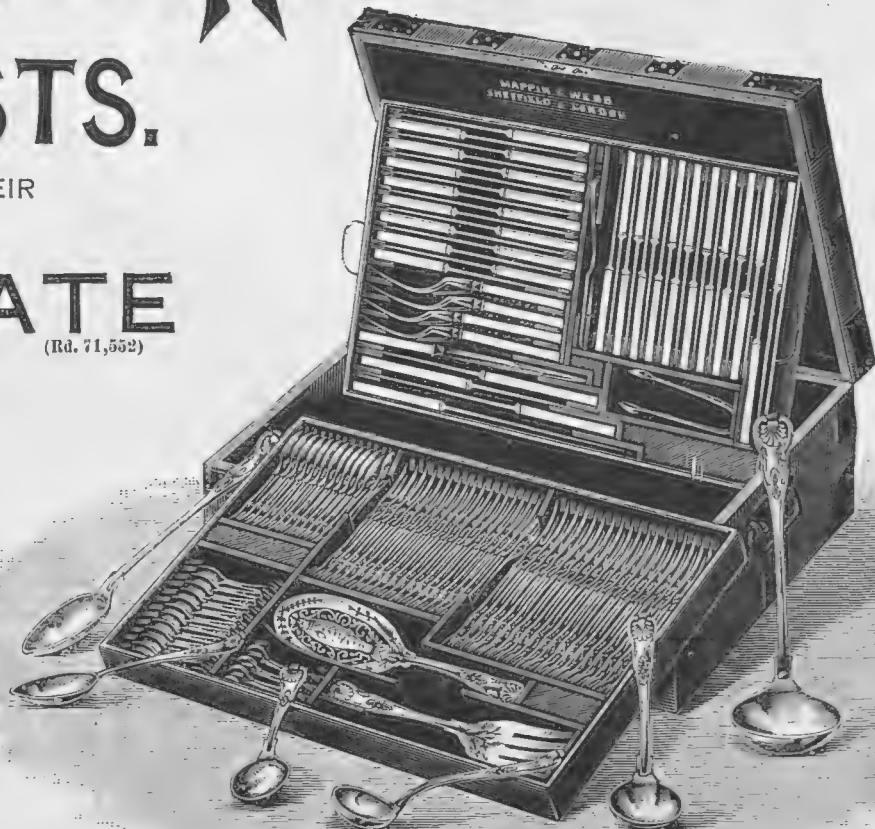
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PROF. HUXLEY ON LOBSTER.

"If it were safe to trifle with the digestion, one could live on lobster," said Professor Huxley.

But it isn't safe, and nobody knew that better than he. The writer was not acquainted with the Professor's habits in diet, but takes the chances of saying that he rarely ate lobster. As inflammatory gastric dyspepsia is the punishment of the *bon vivant*, the glutton, and the drunkard, so weak or atonic dyspepsia is that of the brain-worker and the man of science.

Professor Huxley was an eminent brain-worker and man of science, and the world owed him too big a debt to wish to see him suffer for the good he has done.

Between him and those of us who are not brain-workers or persons of science are all sorts and conditions of men and women, every blessed one of whom is liable to have dyspepsia for some reason, and most of whom have got it now.

Here's a letter from one of them—a lady who would not have written about herself for publication were it not for her hope of being useful in that way.

"From childhood," she says, "I suffered from bilious complaints and frequent sickness, but had no serious illness until the summer of 1877. At that time my appetite was poor, and after

eating the smallest morsel of food I was attacked with nausea, and heaved and retched, and got no ease until my stomach had rejected all that I had taken.

"I had dreadful pains in my head, and also in my back; and every few days was quite prostrate and unable to get about, owing to the extremely weak state I was in.

"My hands and feet were cold as stone, and I seemed to have no blood left in me. For months I could only take liquid food, such as iced milk, soda-water, &c. I became very thin, and so weak I could barely walk about.

"Sometimes better and at other times worse, I continued to suffer for more than two years, during which time I saw one doctor after another, and attended as out-door patient at the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham.

"In November 1879 I was so bad that I went to the Cheltenham Hospital, where I was under treatment for two months. Of course, I took many different medicines in all this time, but nothing stopped the sickness or did me any real good. The doctors said my stomach was ulcerated, and it seemed out of their power to relieve me.

"In the spring of 1880 my grandfather recommended me to try a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After I had taken one bottle I found great benefit. The sickness was not so bad, and my appetite was much better.

Encouraged by this good result, I kept on taking the Syrup until I had consumed seven bottles. Then I felt stronger than I had done for many years. Since that time I have enjoyed good health, and if at any time I feel symptoms of my old ailment a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup never fail to set me right. Yours truly (Signed) (Miss) Kate Ellen Cole, 26, Victoria Street, Fairview, Cheltenham, March 9, 1894."

This lady is one of a great multitude. In speaking of her I speak of them and to them. No doubt she inherited a tendency to what she calls "bilious complaints." In other words, she had a weak and incompetent liver, even for the little she gave it to do. In 1877 the stomach symptoms appeared. Her letter tells what they were.

The results were natural and inevitable. She could eat little. The torpid stomach allowed the food to turn sour, threw up part of it, and poisoned her blood with the rest. Being badly nourished, she became weak, miserable, and full of pain. What else could happen?

Oh, what a host, what an army of broken, wounded people (more women than men) drag through the world that way! Those who hear of it and use it are cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The rest—well, I hope they will hear of it too.

Professor Huxley was right. We mustn't trifle with our digestion. But if we *have* done it, and are suffering the penalty, there is one mode of relief, and Miss Cole has kindly commended it to our notice.

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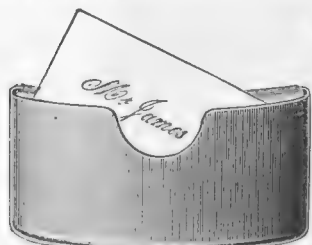
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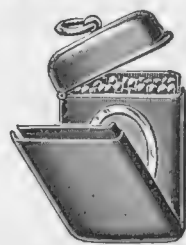
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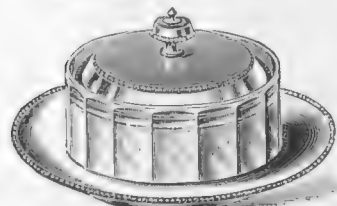
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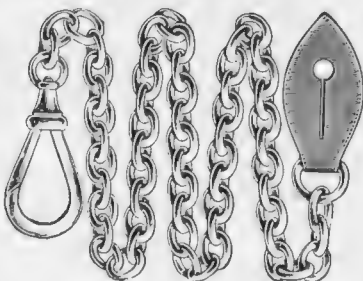
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PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

For practical purposes, the fourteenth Parliament of this reign began work on Thursday last. Since Monday the House had been occupied in the process of swearing itself in. The re-election of Mr. Gully as Speaker was a very different affair from his troublesome election a few months ago. The only comment I have to make on it is as regards Mr. Balfour, who, by changing his mind—for it was notorious that he had felt inclined to propose someone else, because of the original opposition of the Unionists to Mr. Gully's first election—showed a force of character which has considerably strengthened his already strong hold upon the House of Commons as its official Leader.

WORK AND POLICY.

Well, we are back from the elections with an enormous majority, and the question will soon be, What are we going to do with it? The Queen's Speech, which was read on Thursday, reveals nothing. It is an administrative and not a legislative Queen's Speech. For legislation we must wait, and the only question before the House now is the winding-up of Supply, while those actually before Ministers only concern foreign affairs, and particularly Armenia and China. No legislation is to be attempted before next year, when our Irish Land Bill will take an early place. Mr. Gerald Balfour explained on Thursday that he was advised, contrary to the general belief earlier in the year, that it was not absolutely necessary to amend or re-enact the expiring Act of 1881 before February or March next. We are left, therefore, with no declaration of a programme, and only with a knowledge of the general policy as advocated at the elections.

DR. TANNER.

The new Parliament has begun in a way which may be ominous. Both on Monday and on Thursday, Dr. Tanner signalled his return by interruptions, and on the latter day he called Mr. Harrington a liar, and was promptly suspended by Mr. Gully. Not content with this, he walked out of the House shouting "Judas!" at Mr. Chamberlain, declared that he withdrew with pleasure from "this dirty House of Commons," and, when he arrived at the Bar, he pushed his way through the members standing there with exclamations of "Get out of the way!" The only interesting part of this new outbreak on Dr. Tanner's part is that it was levelled against a fellow Nationalist. Mr. Harrington, a Parnellite, had merely remarked that "one of the supporters of the late Government had declared that, if Home Rule had been kept in front during the elections, they would have fared better." The tension between Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite must be great when an innocent remark of that sort can create a "scene."

PERSONALIA.

The new Parliament is very different from the old; some have been taken, and others have come in. I leave to others the easy moans or rejoicings over the compulsory absence of Mr. John Morley and his defeated brother-members. I am more interested in the new M.P.'s. There are such a lot of them, and many, no doubt, will not make any great mark. But some will certainly be busy members, and useful ones. The turnover of votes since the last Parliament necessitates our finding nearly all of these on the Unionist side. There are well-known lawyers like Mr. Cripps, Q.C., Mr. Oswald, Q.C., Mr. Bigham, Q.C., Mr. O. Leigh-Clare, and Mr. H. C. Richards, the latter of whom is so pertinacious and pushing that he is sure to make his voice and presence felt on behalf of East Finsbury. Mr. Byron Reed, too, elected for East Bradford, will be an energetic member. Then there is Mr. H. M. Stanley, the only real expert in the House—now that Mr. Rochfort Maguire is out—on African questions. The Marquis of Lorne is not likely to hide his light under a bushel, and will speak with experience on Colonial matters. Colonel McCalmont and Sir John Colomb reinforce the military and naval talent in the House. Mr. H. McCalmont, who will possibly not be a very great Parliamentarian, will be able to move the adjournment over Derby Day.

MR. G. KEMP CAN SPEAK FOR CRICKET.

Young Mr. Goschen is sure to get on. Mr. Faithful Begg and Mr. Cruddas will be good business men, with great knowledge on Labour questions. The same remarks apply to Mr. Geoffrey Drage, whose work at the Labour Commission is well known. Mr. Drage is on terms of intimacy with practically all the Labour men all over the globe, and he will be a tough customer for Mr. Havelock Wilson or Mr. Broadhurst to encounter on questions involving Labour statistics. A batch of new London County Councillors have come in, including Sir Horace Farquhar, Mr. Lionel Holland, and Mr. E. A. Goulding, the latter of whom is sure to be as popular in the House as in the County Council and at the Temple. Sir Cameron Gull will be a valuable addition to the Church party; and, finally, we have our own Parsee this time in the shape of Mr. Bhownaggee, of Bethnal Green. On the other side, I can only mention three names as likely to attract attention among the new members. Mr. Charles Harrison, L.C.C., is an able man, but a bitter Radical, who may be trusted to air his ideas about finance upon the next Budget. Mr. J. H. Yoxall will have a right to speak on anything affecting the Board Schools, for he has the experience of a teacher, and Mr. C. P. Scott, unquestionably the ablest of the new arrivals on the Radical side, will bring a really considerable intellect to bear upon the affairs of the nation in Parliament, and will give to his party a principal share of what is ultimately meant for that great provincial daily, the *Manchester Guardian*, of which he is the editor.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The Conservatives are now duly installed in power, and even their most bitter opponent must admit that there is every probability of six years of office before them. The Government is a strong one, with marked ability of different kinds abounding in its ranks—to say nothing of the enormous gain of a Leader in whom the whole Party has complete faith. The Liberals, meanwhile, are busily occupied in seeking for a reason for the disaster, and there would seem to be a general panic against the programme which was going to carry them to victory. On the one hand, we are told that

LOCAL VETO IS DEAD,

and that no Liberal candidates in the future will make any special efforts to conciliate the teetotalers; on another side, we are made to believe that the Irish Question is for ever settled, and that no project of Home Rule will ever again be brought before the House of Commons by accredited Ministers. Liberal Churchmen want to shelve Disestablishment, and even the zeal for the abolition of the House of Peers has fallen into abeyance. From a Party with too much programme, the disappointed side has now come to be a Party with no programme at all. To hear some of my friends talk, one would think that there were no such things as principles, and that a programme was merely an instrument for securing the sweets of office. As a matter of fact, not one of the great principles of the Liberal Party has the slightest chance of being abandoned; it is absolutely imperative that the Drink Question should be dealt with, and it will doubtless be dealt with in a perfunctory way by the Government. It is equally certain that the Churches of Wales and Scotland will be disestablished, although the time is not yet. Very few years can elapse before the House of Lords will be reformed, and, as for the Irish Question, one has only to recall the fact that the very first division in the new Parliament was made for the suspension of an Irish Member, in order to realise that

IRELAND WILL HOLD THE FIELD

for pretty nearly the whole of the time that the Government is in office. It is probable, indeed, that a great many steps in the direction of Home Rule for Ireland will be made by the present Government. We are to have a Land Bill and a Local Government Bill, and every change in the direction of Local Government is obviously but a fresh handle in the hands of the majority of the Irish people to secure their own Parliament in Dublin. It is likely enough, too, that the Conservatives will deal with liquor reform to some small extent, in order to catch a few votes. From the standpoint of the Independent Radical, in fact, there is a great deal to be hoped from the present Government, and the most salient element in their existence has been rather too much ignored by the conventional politician. It is not so much that the Liberals have alienated people by their zeal for Home Rule, for Local Option, and so on, as that the Conservatives have promised so much more in the direction of the well-being of the working-classes.

"VOTE FOR ISAACSON AND HAPPINESS!"

was the poster which met the eye over the whole of one district of Suffolk; and this notion that a distinct material happiness was to be secured by the bringing in of the Conservatives has been allowed to work pretty freely throughout the kingdom. Why worry—it was urged by these politicians—why worry about mere questions of reorganising the Constitution of the country when you hardly know how to keep the wolf from the door? We will secure you better houses, better trade, and a pension for your old-age. I believe that at least two-thirds of the Conservative members promised old-age pensions, so that, whatever may be the position of the Independent Labour Party, or the Socialist candidates, the Conservative victory may really be looked upon as, in many respects, the triumph of extreme Radicalism. But then, alas! we know perfectly well that the working-man will not get his old-age pension, that he will not get his better house, and will find himself at the end of six years very much where he was before.

LOVE'S FOREIGN POLICY.

With this chain I captive take thee:
Thumb and finger
Meet and linger
Round thy wrist, my thrall to make thee.
(Not for kingdoms would I vex her,
But my passion
Apes the fashion—
As Love's frontier I annex her.)

With this ring my troth I pledge thee:
Close-combining
Arms entwining
Round thy waist, in love to hedge thee.
(True, I never could deserve her,
But my longing
Rights the wronging—
From aggression I'll preserve her.)

L. S.

THE WRESTLERS.

Really, these wrestlers bewilder one. It is almost impossible to get them to say anything about their profession. They stood round the representative of *Ze Skedge* in a fleshy, brawny circle, and by their grim silence

seemed to imply that they had come to these shores to wrestle and not to talk. Hearing that these champions hail from different parts of the Continent, I armed myself with my Gasc, my Schinzel, and my Liddell and Scott, when I hied me to the Alhambra, the other night, about 10 p.m. The first wrestler I came across was Antonio Pierri—the Terrible Greek.

Although the Terrible Greek speaks English, we didn't seem to get "much forrarder." He seemed interested in the Liddell and Scott Dictionary, however, but to comprehend the meaning of some quotations from Homer, which I read to him, rather less than an



M. SALVATOR.

English pugilist would understand extracts from Piers Plowman. He informed me, however, that he himself wasn't going to "wrezzle" that evening, but hastened to explain that he would be on duty on the following night, which was Saturday. He also told me that he had wrestled in every part of the Continent and had never been thrown.

At that moment Mrs. Pierri (I do not know the Modern Greek for "Mrs.") came up, and a short conversation ensued between husband and wife, the upshot of which was that Mr. Pierri went off to superintend the appearance of Messrs. Mehmisch, Paul Belling, Ross, Petrof, Masson, Green, and Carola. To stick to the truth, I must admit that the first bouts were as dull as the concluding ones were exciting. The best bout was certainly that between Masson (of Paris), a lithe, smallish man, in red tights, and another champion, of much heavier build. This wrestle lasted quite fifteen minutes, and, thanks to Masson's wonderful agility (which, when it was monkey-like, made the gallery "larf") and his opponent's stubborn defence, proved to be one of the most exciting and interesting bits of wrestling I have ever witnessed. The result was a draw. My friends tell me, however, that it is wonderful to watch the Terrible Greek, who is a desperate customer to tackle. The same people also state that Mehmisch (Imperial Turkish Wrestler-in-Chief) will, if

beaten here, lose his head when he gets back to Turkey. But it is not likely that anyone will give credence to that report except the news agencies.

At the Alhambra, the somewhat monotonous Græco-Roman contests are varied by a catch-as-catch-can display, in which Charles Green, the Lancashire Champion, appears. The combatants certainly go through some strange and wonderful contortions, which, like Masson's antics, elicit many chuckles of approval.

On the carpeted stages of the Pavilion and Oxford there can also be seen much grovelling and somersaulting, for Græco-Roman wrestling obtains at both these Halls, as well as at the Alhambra, at the time of writing. As this other troupe possesses no native of Greece, I left my



THE TERRIBLE GREEK.

Liddell and Scott with Mr. Terrible Pierri, and sought out M. Salvator, President of the Association of French Wrestlers, who is conducting the tour of the rival band of heroes. He was in the Circle of the Oxford.

I showed him my Gasc, and told him that I was particularly anxious to interview Paul Pons, of whose height and weight many legends have been spread abroad. M. Salvator, therefore, led me behind the stage, and there, in the wings, I discovered Paul. He was dressed in white fleshings, and was, I perceived, abstractedly admiring the comely

proportions of those members of the Frantz Acrobatic Troupe who are not male. I hasten to add, however, that M. Pons is married to a charming little French lady, and is, I should think, a most devoted husband.

With M. Salvator's assistance—and an occasional peep into Gasc—I then became cognisant of the fact that Paul is 6 ft. 7½ in. high, and weighs 19 stone, that he is now thirty-one years of age, and has been a professional wrestler since he was twenty-four.

"And before that?" I asked.

"I was a—what d' you call him?—*un forgeron*?"

"Oh, a blacksmith; thank you. That was good training for your muscles, I should think?"

"Que dites-vous?" demanded Paul.

M. Salvator explained, and the giant smiled his comprehension of the remark. But, between you and me, I should say he prefers wrestling to shoeing horses. I met him on the following evening, wandering round the Hall, and looking as happy as a king. I think Saul would have

been a more appropriate name for him, but, of course, his parents didn't know that he would be so big.

At this point in the conversation Mr. Eugene Stratton arrived, and began to touch up his black before the looking-glass. Paul was taking a gloomy interest in this proceeding when I opened my Gasc and pointed to the word *exercer* (to train).

"How do you *exercer*?" I whispered. I didn't want the Dandy Coloured Coon to overhear my bad French. To illustrate my meaning I pretended to practise with dumb-bells.

"No, none of that," said M. Salvator, coming to the rescue; "he runs—to keep his breath—*respiration*—good."

"Indeed, and where does he run?"

"In the Park—early in the morning."

And now I was reminded that this was not to be altogether a one-man interview, since the other champions, their performance being close at hand, came on into the wings, and shook me solemnly by the hand—Koscoff of St. Petersburg, Marshall, Trillat, Nizain, Eugène, and last, but not least, Félix Bernard, the next best man to Pons, a very doughty champion, who, I was informed, taught Paul how to wrestle, and has been presented with the Cup of the President of the French Republic.

Shortly after this the wrestling commenced. During its progress, M. Salvator handed me an interesting extract from the *Echos de Paris*, describing the contest between Paul Pons, Champion of France, and Nourlat, Chief of the Imperial Wrestlers of Turkey, who stands 7 ft. high, and weighs 21 stone. Of course, the description was enthusiastically Gallie.

I must also add that the big Frenchman once wrestled for two and a-half hours on end, and successively vanquished six champions, who came all the way from Italy, Germany, Canada, and remote parts of France to be beaten. Marshal MacMahon presided, and presented the victor with a Certificate of Honour.

R. S. W. B.

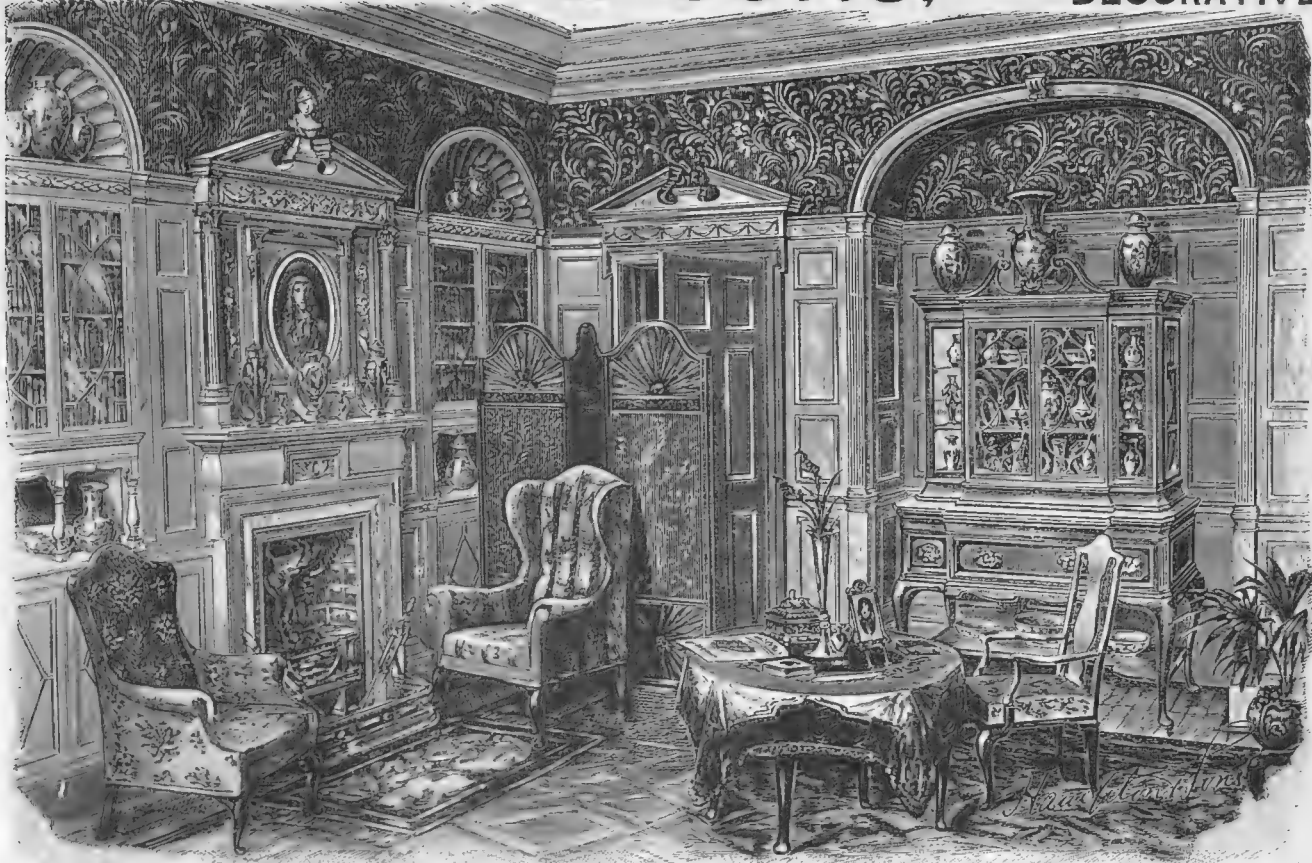


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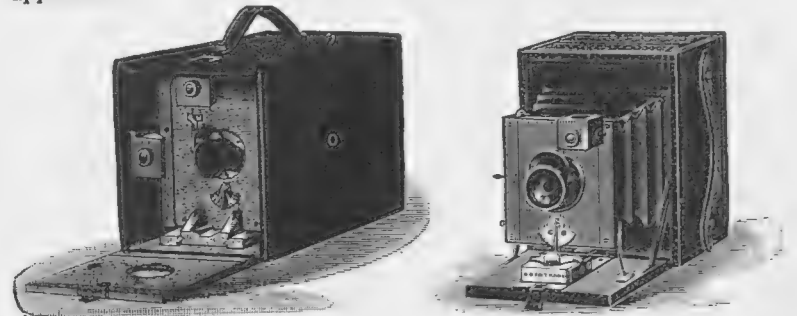
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The sun is setting on the cricketers' day. A week or two more and the voice of the umpire will be hushed. So far as the County Championship is concerned—and, after all, there is little of interest outside it—the last four matches of the season commence to-morrow week. After that the seaside holiday matches, with their astonishing surprises and the indispensable functions.

Nobody will deny that it has been an eventful season. And, if we began more sensationally than we are concluding, we really must not expect startling performances to occur with regularity. Besides, sensations cease to be so when they come in profusion. It reminds me of the *tableaux vivants* at the music-halls. Every music-hall, even the lowliest, has its *tableaux* now. But they are not novel—in fact, they begin to bore.

Talking of "pictures," we had one at the Oval last week, when Surrey were conquered by Yorkshire. It was a picture, because no one had seen the Champions beaten in the competition since the first match of the season. Here they were not alone beaten, they were beaten badly. They were fairly and squarely defeated by a team which, on the play, was simply immeasurably superior. The Surrey players resemble the famous little girl—

When they are good, they are very good;
And when they are bad they are horrid.

On the whole, there is a vast difference between the three leading counties, Surrey, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, and the other eleven teams. Each of the first trio possesses some special characteristic, and I strongly doubt whether we have ever had three superior counties in one season—not even when Shrewsbury, Gunn, Flowers, and Barnes were in their prime, and were helping Nottinghamshire to a succession of brilliant victories. I wonder whether it would be possible to defeat the appended side, chosen from Surrey, Yorkshire, and Lancashire: R. Abel, A. Ward, Mr. F. S. Jackson, F. H. Sugg, T. Hayward, R. Peel, Mr. A. C. MacLaren, C. Smith, T. Richardson, A. Mold, and G. A. Lohmann?

I cannot remember a season when the batting averages all round were so high. Now and then we have had a year when one man stood out by himself with a splendid record, but you seldom find a whole regiment of players with averages of over 30, and even 40. Taking a glance down the statistics, I think I should select the following eleven to give the above team the best game: Dr. W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, A. Hearne, C. L. Townsend, G. McGregor, A. Shrewsbury, W. Gunn, G. Davidson, W. Attewell, and A. D. Pougher. A great deal depends upon current form, however.

The M.C.C. would not appear to be a particularly lively body. It was cabled over that an Australian eleven was anxious to pay us a visit next season, but nary a word said the M.C.C. It was only after a sharp reminder that the trip would have to be abandoned, as no invite had been sent; that the M.C.C. tardily cabled over that they would be very pleased to see a representative Australian team. How nice!

Personally, I think that an Australian visit in 1896 will have its disadvantages. When our Colonial friends used to come over, we never had more than eight or nine counties in the Championship competition. Things are all altered now. Practically speaking, we have no "second-class," but, with fourteen counties engaged in the premier division, it will be generally agreed that we have as much on our hands as we can conveniently manage. Our present programme has been called too crowded. What will be the experience when the Australians are here?

Of course, we shall all be glad to see our dear brothers the Cornstalks, especially after Mr. Stoddart's highly successful tour. But, all the same, I cannot help thinking that the tour will not be the huge triumph expected. It might have been better had the M.C.C. kindly pointed out the difficulties of the proposed "invasion." Financially, the trip cannot be anywhere near so successful as in previous years, while, if the Australians persist in their shilling "gates," it is pretty certain the public will continue to flock to the ordinary county engagements. Apart even from pecuniary considerations, your average cricket spectator muchly prefers a game upon which something like "points" depends to give it interest.

Matches arranged for next (*Sketch*) week are—

- Aug. 22.—At Taunton, Somerset *v.* Surrey.
At Cheltenham, Gloucestershire *v.* Yorkshire.
At Brighton, Sussex *v.* Kent.
At Manchester, Lancashire *v.* Notts.
At Portsmouth, Hants *v.* Leicestershire.
- Aug. 26.—At Bristol, Gloucestershire *v.* Surrey.
At Nottingham, Notts *v.* Kent.
At Lord's, Middlesex *v.* Lancashire.
At Taunton, Somerset *v.* Yorkshire.
At Derby, Derbyshire *v.* Essex.

Those italicised may possibly prove successful.

CYCLING AND ATHLETICS.

A. A. Zimmerman, the one and only incomparable cycling champion—every cyclist is a champion nowadays, but every cyclist is not an A. A. Zimmerman—has been touring with his wife in Paris. Mrs. Zimmerman, it is interesting to learn, has never yet set foot upon a pedal; but her

enthusiastic husband's persuasions are certain to prevail, and it is said that she is already anxious to take her first lessons on the popular wheel. It is Zimmerman's intention to stay in France for a week or two yet, but much depends upon circumstances. I hear that, when Zimmerman arrives in Australia, the Sydney people will present him with five thousand dollars, while his own and wife's expenses will be borne by the various Colonial managers. Zimmerman's profits do not end here, for, apart altogether from prizes—of which, it may be expected, a goodly proportion will fall to the American's share—he is to receive a quarter of all gate receipts. It will be generally agreed that it is very nice to be a successful cycling champion.

The new Conservative Home Secretary, Sir Matthew White-Ridley, has not been long in falling into his duties. He has sent out an order that Police Constable Eaton, 348 Y, who, on July 29, was expelled from the Force owing to the Highgate Magistrates committing him for an alleged assault on Mrs. Alice Madeleine Wackerbarth, whom he pushed off her bicycle, is to be reinstated. As Eaton will also have his costs—which summed up to over twenty pounds—refunded, in the words of the Rev. Barham, "nobody is a penny the worse." Local justices have very peculiar ideas on equity.

Mention of cycling reminds me of a "new departure." Cycling and athletics are made up of "new departures," but this will be an extra-special instance of it. On Saturday next, at the Stamford Bridge Grounds, a cycling and athletic gymkhana and moonlight carnival is to be held, the events to be decided being a one and two miles cycling handicap, a mile running handicap, a tug-of-war, a three-quarter mile costume race, and a half-mile menagerie race. The novel departure should be successful.

Sept. 21 is the date fixed for the Autumn Meeting of the South London Harriers at Kennington Oval. Given fine weather—what an important factor to successful reunions is this!—there is no reason why this always popular event should not attract another huge attendance. I am informed that among the races will figure a 75 yards handicap sprint, a 440 yards, 880 yards (limit 90 yards from E. C. Bredin), a two miles (limit 440 yards), a two miles walk, while, in addition, there will doubtless be a members' 1000 yards race. We ought to be thankful for the small mercy of the Surrey County Cricket Club in permitting cycling to take place in the sacred Oval. But what about the football business? Surely the last has not been heard of it?

The day after the S.L.H. meeting at Kennington, the Berlin Cricket Club will hold their annual sports, entries closing on Sept. 14. It is the custom for English runners to take a little trip over to the picturesque Berlin grounds in order to take part in the two international events, the mile and the 100 yards. The former has come over to England on no fewer than four occasions, J. Swaite, A. R. Williams, A. W. Andrews, and F. A. Cohen having successively proved successful, while H. A. Ovenden once ran away with the 100 yards. The meeting is creating a deal of interest among our Berlin friends. This is the age of international rivalry.

FOOTBALL.

The recently published statement of the Rugby Football Union is a ponderous affair indeed, and the man with a day's leisure at disposal might do worse than make a study of the rules on the subject of professionalism. What I cannot understand is that there should be no specific ruling on what constitutes "reasonable expenses." Surely the phrase is ambiguous enough to demand amendment! There are so many social grades in footballers, and where one man would be satisfied with a nominal sum, another would kick at anything which did not leave him a clear margin for "nicknacks."

The superficial observer may well express astonishment that a national game should be so technically hampered. Of course, for that matter, the public cares little whether players are professional or not, so long as it gets its enjoyment for the money expended. Still, it is just as well that we should know where we are, and, while the R.F.U. were about it, they might just as well have done the whole thing thoroughly.

GOLF.

W. Auchterlonie, the famous old ex-champion, accomplished a very fine performance on the new St. Andrews Relief Course the other day, and succeeded in establishing a new record (80). I give his figures—

Out	4	4	6	4	2	4	4	6	4	—38
In	6	4	5	3	5	4	6	3	6	—42

A week or two back, I mentioned a challenge sent forth by Andrew Kirkcaldy and Archie Simpson, to play any one of two couples named. This has proved abortive, and now the former has offered to play Willie Fernie, of Troon, for £100 a-side, over Troon, at St. Andrews and another green, to be tossed for. Fernie's reply is awaited with interest.

OLYMPIAN.

"Marvellous '26'" is the name of a new sixpenny puzzle, published by Messrs. Ordish, of Fore Street, E.C. It consists of a hexagon, with places for twelve counters, one of the problems being to arrange the counters so that they make 26 in several different directions. Like all studies in numbers, it fascinates the player.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE

Even to my secluded retreat there comes an echo of the well-founded rumour that our autumn gowns will, above and beyond all, be mere backgrounds for the lavish display of strapping and stitching—forms of adornment which will take upon themselves all manner of elaborate designs, and be the sole relief to the otherwise severe simplicity of tailor-built covert coating. There is something fascinatingly smart about this style, but it demands perfection of cut and make, as otherwise the effect would be terrible; and so once again apparent simplicity is merely the



cloak for additional extravagance, though, as a matter of fact, I never consider a really well-made gown extravagant, for it is a thing of beauty and a joy to the eye of all beholders to the last day of its life; and I, for one, would infinitely prefer to rejoice over one gown which bore the hall-mark of some well-known maker's name than over ninety-and-nine pretty but insignificant frocks. As to the colours which are to reign throughout the forthcoming season, my well-beloved green, I am glad to find, promises to be well to the fore, though it will have to share its supremacy with dark blue and crimson and a beautiful tone of mulberry, while orange will also be utilised sparingly, and with discretion, for trimming purposes. So, altogether, as far as colours are concerned, we should look at our best during the early winter months, before our figures, in their warm-hued gowns, are hidden from view by the loosely flowing Louis capes and cloaks, which are to bring together, on the same level of comparative shapelessness, the slim and long-waisted and the stout and dumpy figures. However, in the meantime we can take full advantage of existing styles, which are exceedingly kind to those who are blessed with good figures, and continue to revel in the fullest and shortest of basques, whose outstanding fulness is rendered permanent by the skilful introduction of platinum wire.

One costume, in which they formed a prominent feature, I discovered by a happy chance when I was paying a visit to the railway bookstall the other afternoon; and it was worn by a fair young bride, who had most evidently only exchanged it that very day for the orthodox white satin and orange-blossoms. Since this time, I have made a point of meeting the late afternoon trains, and devoting my attention to the one or two honeymoon couples who invariably alight with exaggerated nonchalance, and endeavour to appear unconscious of those bran-new boxes which, joined to their own attire, proclaim their state to all beholders. And then it is amusing to watch how speedily—when once they realise the nature and habits of the place—they shed their

splendour, and take refuge in the shielding uniformity of plain blue serge. My first particular bride, however, arrived in a dress of corn-flower-blue alpaca, the skirt dependent for its smartness simply upon its perfectly hanging fulness, while the bodice was of plaid glacé silk, in blue, white, and tea-rose yellow, and had the fullest of basques, of the same strikingly pretty fabric, a quaintly shaped vest of the alpaca being let in as a relief. The silk outlined the shoulders as closely as a glove, and then, beneath the scarf-like drapery of darker-blue satin, came the great drooping puffs of the sleeves, which afterwards resolved themselves into tightly fitting cuffs. At the neck there was a plain collar of the satin, with a huge, flower-like rosette of tulle and pinked-out satin at each side, while round the waist there went a narrower band of satin, minus the rosettes. Crowning this altogether charming gown was a hat of coarse, soft-blue straw, the brim—which came well down over the prettily curled love-locks—being veiled with blue tulle, which gave it a delightfully soft effect; while, for trimming, there were rosettes of tulle and high clusters of shaded-blue cornflowers and white marguerites, with a great bow of broad-bladed grass as a finish.

Imagine what a genuine treat such a gown as this must have been to my fashion-starved eyes, which had grown so used to blue serge in its most primitive form that they positively gloated over this London inspiration. And naturally, in consequence, I followed up the career of this well-gowned bride with interest, expecting to see her follow the usual course and change from a butterfly to a chrysalis. However, up till now, she has had the courage imparted by some quite perfect gowns, and has duly appeared in them, to the open-mouthed astonishment of the natives. As for me, I am every moment expecting her tall and athletic bridegroom to forcibly remonstrate with me for persistently dogging his bride's footsteps; but I shall not trouble her much longer, for I think I have by this time gained all the information I desire about her various costumes. One, which I am sure she will be unfeignedly surprised if not delighted to see illustrated, is fashioned of dark-blue linen, the skirt opening over four V-shaped panels in a lighter shade of blue, and being ornamented with sundry little mother-o'-pearl buttons. The pinafore bodice is cut out in quaint fashion over a tucked chemisette of white cambric, and is bordered with an effective embroidery in blue and white, the fulness being held in at the waist by a deep belt of corded blue silk, while the short, full basques make the bodice much more becoming to the figure than the ordinary blouse, which stops short at the waist. And then come the sleeves, which, after being tightly pleated over the shoulders, blossom out into puffed fulness to the elbow, where they come to an end altogether, though I should prefer to see them continued to the wrist, and there finished with little cambric and lace cuffs to match the collar. However,



that is a small cause for complaint in a very smart and pretty gown, which late holiday-makers will be wise to copy without further loss of time. And then a visit to the Parish Church on Sunday morning was rewarded by the disclosure of the fact that my bride had a particularly *chic* hat, whose charms are herewith depicted for you. The waved brim and high, square crown are, you must know, of lightest, softest straw, in a beautiful shade of violet, and round it go soft puffings and folds of mauve chiffon over yellow chiffon, held in by buckles of amethysts; while high at the right side rise some huge velvet pansies in darkest, richest violet, shading off into golden-yellow, the background being formed by two

[Continued on page 233.]

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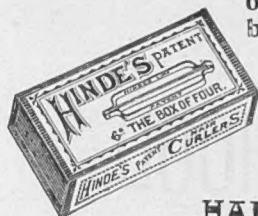
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A Page from a Vicar's History.

BY THE HON. MRS. HENNIKER.

THE DOGS' HOME, BATTERSEA.

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STORIES AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE BEST WRITERS AND ARTISTS OF THE DAY.

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gracefully curving black ostrich-tips. It seemed to me that this hat would gain additional charms if worn with a collar which I have concocted for you out of two containing points which, when combined, would be excellent. You should have, then, a plain band of satin, backed by a big bow, cut out in somewhat different fashion to the usual style, while over the sides falls a finely pleated frill of chiffon, its edges stiffened by the finest of wires. If one of the long gold chains which can still be worn with distinction, if well arranged, is clasped in front of the neck with a brooch, and then allowed to fall down the front of the vest, the success of the gown, as far as the bodice is concerned, is almost assured, and I really think my collar is worth copying.

But perhaps you would rather devote your energies to the fashioning of a new cycling-costume, as nine women out of every ten seem to have thrown themselves heart and soul into the pursuit of the latest craze. It seems to me that a blue serge—or a brown, as this will less readily disclose the presence of dust—might be made very smart and practical withal, if arranged, as in our sketch, with an open-fronted, full-basqued coat, disclosing a shirt-front of tucked blue cambric, finished at the throat with a great, loosely tied bow of soft, dark-blue silk, and belted



with paler blue, covered with a lattice-work of fine dark-blue braid. This same trimming appears on the sailor collar and revers, and the cuffs of the full, puffed sleeves; while the skirt, plain and short, as all cycling-skirts should be, is fastened down the left side with crossed tabs of braid, and bordered with the same lattice-like trimming. I have a distinct idea that the wearer of this costume would excite a considerable amount of admiration even from the rapidly decreasing number of those who do not generally favour the lady cyclist with their approval; and if you should prefer, as I do, alpaca to serge, I should advise the substitution of stretched bands of the material in place of the braid. In view of the latest edict of Dame Fashion, this would be still smarter, and there are, in addition, a hundred-and-one ways by which the skirt could be looped up with tabs of braid and buttons, if still greater freedom of action is required. Of course, you must be provided with the indispensable knickerbockers; and if these are fashioned of black satin, and the skirt itself is lined with the same fabric, you will find the great comfort thereby ensured is well worth the slight additional expense. So now, having done my duty, in spite of many disadvantages, and endless temptations to neglect it, I will at last yield to the solicitations of sun and sea, and afterwards, as a slight variation, betake myself to the railway station, to lie in wait for the unsuspecting brides.

FLORENCE.

Mr. William Oppenheim, of the Dresden China Dépot, 43, Farringdon Street, E.C., has submitted, by special request, to the Queen at Osborne some very fine specimens from the Royal Dresden China Works, also ivory carvings of the most extraordinary dimensions, miniatures, and enamels, from which her Majesty, the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Louise Marchioness of Lorne made a large selection.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Doctor, his Wife, and the Clock" is the enticing title of a new detective story, by the author of "The Leavenworth Case," just published by Mr. Unwin. It is of the order that was in vogue before the prowess of Sherlock Holmes was made known to the world—less involved, less cryptic than the stories we have got accustomed to, but wrapt about in sensational and sentimental circumstance. The plot might be bettered, yet, when the principal character and self-confessed criminal is an Adonis-like blind doctor, with a host of virtues and talents, as well as a devoted wife, giving his confession the lie, your romantic interest is captured at once. Travellers by rail should note this shillingworth of strictly moral sensation, with the quite inappropriate Beardsley cover.

Wanted, a good English edition of Vasari. Mr. Havelock Ellis has gone a little way towards bettering our lack by his selections from the Lives which he has published in the "Scott Library." The translation used is, in the main, that in Bohn's series (Mrs. Foster's), but it is revised and corrected advantageously, and the Lives chosen are the right ones for popular purposes. This is a good service; and, if Mr. Ellis were to go further, and prepare a new and complete version, we should be more than commonly thankful. But, not ungratefully, we beg him to leave comments alone, or to put the critical section into other hands. The present little volume has a short preface which, for irrelevance and wrong-headedness, could hardly anywhere be matched, even in the queer, irrelevant, wrong-headed, and mostly superfluous world of prefaces.

Quotation is not an unfair form of criticism of dicta so definite and cocksure as are his. "Those persons," he says, "who in music are chiefly attracted to Rossini or Donizetti or Bellini or Verdi, will in painting be chiefly attracted to Gozzoli or Botticelli or Raphael or Andrea de Sarto." And again, "On the whole, Florentine Art—taking the word in the vaguest and widest sense—was unconscious of any unheroic problems in art, not even urgent to gain self-expression, but well pleased with the conventionalism of facile realism and equally facile idealism."

In the whole range of criticism there was perhaps never a greater revelation of a critic doing the wrong kind of work. The naïvely, audaciously foolish judgments give the book a certain distinction. It is more than a pretty, popular, convenient selection: it is a critical curiosity. Some of the rest of the preface is taken up with an elaborated statement of how Mr. Ellis prefers Northern Art, though the Italians, of course, made pretty things. This is very interesting. But why does he act the guide to the pretty, childlike Italians by writing a preface to Vasari? Well, the fact that he has done so is very interesting too.

Why is not the poetry of Mr. Aubrey de Vere more often in the hands and on the lips of those who complain of the ugly, morbid, decadent spirit of the poets of the day? They dislike the new themes and the new treatment. He gives them the older ones, and with great sweetness. Romanticist and idealist he is rather than the poet of the first, or even the second or third order; but it is not the lack of great poetry that is complained of, but the spirit of gentle refinement and love of ideal beauty which they could be sure of in Tennyson, and in all the poetry of the past which they read for their pleasure, and in no mere self-instructing mood. There is no great rush of vigour in him, perhaps; but he is rarely namby-pamby, and his heroic poems are more congruous with their rough origin than are Tennyson's of a similar kind. Then he has, above his vivid interest in myth and legend, in high deeds and characters of the old world and the new, so clean, so gentlemanly a spirit. However far from the truth may be his conception of Oiseen's aims as a poet, he expresses by it faithfully his own poetical performance—

I sang not lusts; where base men thronged
I sat not, neither harped for gold;
My song no gracious foeman wronged,
No woman's secret told.

I sang not hate; with healing breath
Gladness of heaven my harp-strings flung
On bosoms true, but shamed to death
False heart and ruthless tongue.

I sang not lies . . .

Yet, though he might from poetic merit, and love of all things pure and beautiful, be in these days cherished by all who are afraid of, and anti-pathetic to, the Art for Art's sake doctrine, he has hardly come to his own. And that esteem is his meed, rather than interest and affection, is not quite accounted for by any lack in himself. A new and convenient opportunity is given us, however, to turn the esteem for Aubrey de Vere into something warmer by Mr. George Edward Woodberry's "Selections," which Messrs. Macmillan have published: a delightful volume, into which are gathered the best of the old Irish lays and other incident-poems—where his powers can most clearly be seen—as well as the best and the next best of his weaker but often charming lyrics and sonnets. So much honour is done to-day to men of feeble poetic fibre, if only they have an audacious or sensational purpose, that Mr. Woodberry's piety is well-timed, and, let us hope, may have effect among the lovers of gentle and cheerful poetry. As his editor says, "his heroes are always glad."

O. O.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 17, 1895.

The heaviest holiday settlement known to this generation of Stock Exchange operators has passed off without any trouble, and things are on the boom again in both the South African and West Australian markets. Our friend, the Kaffir jobber, who did us a good turn with Chartered shares last week, declares that they will see £10 before he goes for his holiday, but, as the dealings in them alone are said to have amounted to 125,000 shares on Thursday last, and the jobber's turn is never less than a thirty-second, more often a sixteenth, we imagine our friend can well wait a month or two while he is making his fortune at the present rate.

The Bank return shows large increases in the reserve, caused by the influx of gold from abroad, and in "other" deposits, so that, upon the whole, the proportion between reserve and liabilities has not altered much. The resumption of gold exports from the United States once more shows how impossible it is to fight against the economic laws.

The Canadian Pacific directors have passed the dividend, as we said they would be obliged to do as long ago as last March, while the Grand Trunk returns, when looked into, are far from encouraging. For the half-year, the road has earned a miserable £3900, which has to be set against a debit of £97,473, and does not make much impression upon it. Things are drifting very near bankruptcy, and it is high time the new board tackled the position, made a clean sweep of the old Canadian officials, and appointed some first-rate English railway expert (such as the assistant manager of one of our great northern lines) to take absolute control of the road and its management in the Dominion.

What with Chartered shares jumping about from seven to nearly eight, Robinson's Bank at 11½, and Barnato Consols at over 5, we thought the Mining market was very near its apotheosis; but now we hear that "Barney" has another plum in store for his friends, in the shape of a company called the British and Foreign Investment and Finance Corporation, with a capital of £1,500,000, all privately subscribed, and with Sir Rivers Wilson, a noble marquis, and several other celebrities on the board. The shares are said to be at about 2½ premium, and British "Johnnies" are to join French "Johnnies" and African "Johnnies" as a favourite stock to gamble in. What the Committee on Company Law Reform would say to all this we don't know, for there has never been a prospectus, nobody has been asked to subscribe, and, if the public buys in the market, no legislation in the world will protect them. Don't mistake our meaning; we think those who buy will see a profit, and that this whole deal is above-board and quite square, but it is the sort of game the company promoter will try on when the Legislature cuts off his present remunerative employment, and the money that is now spent on advertising will probably get spent in far more dangerous practices, if the drastic legislation which silly people are for ever demanding is passed to satisfy the public clamour.

We hear a new West Australian mine, called Wills's Consolidated, which is situated midway between Burbank's and the Londonderry, has been privately floated during the last week, and that the shares are being dealt in pretty freely. The right people are said to be in it, and we should not be surprised if the shares saw double their present price, for the West Australian boom shows no sign of taking a holiday.

Among the quiet and non-demonstrative English industrial concerns which are steadily making their way and paying good dividends, we may call your attention to the Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company, which has just declared the usual dividend of 15 per cent., and, at present prices, yields nearly 7 per cent. to investors, while, as an example of the extraordinary prices to which really first-rate newspaper shares have advanced, it is said that £7 *Graphic* shares (H. H. Baines and Co., Limited) have been dealt in at nearly £60 each; at any rate, the dividend just paid is £1 15s. per share.

Everybody wants 6 per cent. investments, and we happen to know that New York Brewery 6 per cent. debentures can be bought under or about par, and that they are secured on freeholds in the city of New York, which, apart from any business connection, are said by well-informed people to be worth more than the debenture money, while, as the profits of the breweries are more than enough to pay the debenture interest twice over, we consider the security is a first-rate one for anyone who is tempted by 6 per cent. We don't advise the shares, for they are a horse of quite a different colour.

We think that, for a gamble, Beira Railway shares at 10s. 6d. are promising as a lock-up, for there can be little doubt that the Chartered Company will favour this route as soon as the line is completed; and perhaps, for those of your friends who want something *very* cheap, Abercorn Reefs at 1s. 6d. may be worth buying. It only takes about £75 to buy a thousand shares, and they might easily see four or five shillings each in the indiscriminate scramble for all sorts of mining shares which is going on. As to merits, what can you expect for eighteenpence?

Rhodesia Explorations at £17 a share are said to be quite the correct tip, and, at even this price, we think purchasers will see a considerable profit, although it seems like madness to pay such a price for a one-pound share. We have not space to go into details of the company's prospects, but we may tell you the capital is £100,000, and only sixty thousand has been issued. The odd forty thousand shares are to be offered to the shareholders at £10 each, and other developments are in contemplation.

The Argentine Railway debentures, which we have from time to time called your attention to, have all been in good demand lately, and some

of them, such as Great Western seconds, Buenos Ayres and Pacific seconds, and Cordoba Central (Northern Section) 4 per cent., have all moved smartly up; and, indeed, at even present prices we think there are some good speculative locks-up to be found in this market, while our favourite Buenos Ayres Waterworks stock is well worth purchasing, for, in any consolidation of the debt, you may be quite sure that the holders of the cheaper loans will get the best of the deal.

You have often remonstrated with us for insisting that Caledonian Deferred would soon be over 50, but there they are, and look like going higher. Shall we take half your profit and let the other half run?—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE KINGSBRIDGE SLATE QUARRIES, LIMITED.—The prospectus of this precious concern is going round, although no public advertisements have appeared. We expressed our opinion of the Larcombe Slate Quarries pretty freely some time ago, and we strongly urge our readers to have nothing to do with this venture, or any of the other concerns of a like kind and circulated in the same way. A property which is making a profit of £210 a-month does not want to borrow £10,000 at 10 per cent. with a bonus and share of profits; while we notice that the mortgage will only be executed after the debentures are allotted, so that we strongly suspect the poor people who subscribe will run a great risk of never getting a mortgage at all.

RICHARD SARGEON, LIMITED.—This concern is another of the companies which no wise man would subscribe for. The issue is too small to have a free market or a quotation, and the business, which was, no doubt, very good for a private person, is, in our opinion, too small to justify asking the public to take a hand in the deal. Since the auditors have written withdrawing from the concern, we strongly urge any of our readers who may have made the mistake of applying for shares to ask for the return of their money.

THE ST. AGNES GOLD REEFS, LIMITED, has a capital of £60,000, of which £32,000, in the same number of shares of £1 each, are being offered to the public. The properties to be acquired are situated in the Norseman District of Western Australia, about twenty miles north of Dundas, which is the southern gold-field of the Colony. It is said that there is salt water for battery purposes, and some timber. One or two good names are connected with the enterprise, but our readers are more likely to make money by investing in some of the established properties known in the Western Australian market than by subscribing to this new venture.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 2.—The bank you mention has been dead more than twenty years, and the note is of no value.

S. J. C.—We can get no dealing price for these margarine shares, although we have inquired from all the jobbers. They are nominally called 4½ to 4¾.

E. S.—When an interim dividend is declared on the ordinary shares, you will get it by post. If you had read our Correspondence column, you would have seen we advised several readers to get out at a premium. We do not expect you will get a dividend until the expiration of a year in any of the cases you mention, and we would sell at anything over par in each case if you can get it.

JUPITER.—We cannot tell when the machinery will be erected and crushings begin. The directors will do all they can to expedite matters, and, no doubt, telegrams will come in from time to time. We know the property is a really good one, and you had better hold on for a few months. We never felt more confident of the future of any mine, and confirm every word we have written on the subject during the last three weeks.

H. O.—(1) We should sell half. (2) Hold for a rise to about 17s. or 18s. (3) We can't advise. (4) Get out when you can without loss.

DOUBTFUL.—(1) We think they are good to buy. (2 and 3) Let alone. (4) Buy. (5, 6, 7, 8, and 9) These depend on the continuance of the mining boom for further rises, but we think 5, 6, and 9 have real merits.

DOR.—(1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 11) Depend on the continuance of the mining boom for a further rise; if you bought cheap, take some of your profit by selling half. (2) A good mining investment. (8) Our opinion on these shares is evident from our "Notes" in *Sketch* of Aug. 14. (9) Good, but very high. (12) We are not in love with this concern. The whole list is a speculation, and the question of whether you will make money by buying now is a pure matter of opinion; if you had asked the question twelve, or even six months ago, we should have had no difficulty in answering it, but, as things stand now, we won't advise.

CAPTAIN H. T.—Hold, and, if you can afford it, buy a few more to average. R. C. S.—Our letter, addressed as stated in our Correspondence answer of last week, has been returned marked "not known." We are cashing the postal-order, and, if you wish the reply, you must send us a properly addressed envelope, as we cannot make out your address.

J. J. G.—Yilgarn Gold has a capital of £150,000 in one-pound shares. There never was a prospectus. Present price nominal—only 5s. 6d. to 6s.

FANCY FAIR.—We should sell and buy Chartered, or divide the money between Chartered, Burbank's Birthday Gift, and New Ceresus.

J. W. N.—(1) Sell St. Louis ordinary, but don't buy the other shares. Try Argentine Great Western second debentures or Uruguay 3½ stock. (2) Three-quarters to one per cent.

The directors of the Inns of Court Hotel, Limited, report that the gross receipts for the year ending June amount to £33,307 18s. 10d., as against £30,849 15s. 4d. in the previous year, being an increase of £2458 3s. 6d. The net profit is £3407 0s. 7d., which, added to £1331 3s. 2d. brought forward from the last account, makes £4738 3s. 9d. Out of this sum the directors recommend a dividend of 4 per cent., free of income tax, which will absorb £3323 4s., and leave a balance of £1414 19s. 9d. to be carried forward. The mortgagees have consented to reduce the interest on their £75,000 mortgage from 4½ per cent. to 4¼ per cent., as from May 10 last, which will effect a saving of £187 10s. a year.